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ON THE THRESHOLD.

STANDING on the threshold, with her waken-
ing heart and mind,
Standing on the threshold, with her childhood
left behind;
The woman softness blending with the look of
sweet surprise
For life and all its marvels that lights the
clear blue eyes.

Standing on the threshold, with light foot and
fearless hand,
As the young knight by his armour in a min-
ster nave might stand;
The fresh red lip just touching youth's ruddy
rapturous wine,
The eager heart all brave, pure hope, oh happy
child of mine!

I could guard the helpless infant that nestled
in my arms;
I could save the prattler's golden head from
petty baby harms;
I could brighten childhood's gladness, and
comfort childhood's tears,
But I cannot cross the threshold with the step
of riper years.

For hopes, and joys, and maiden dreams are
waiting for her there,
Where girlhood's fancies bud and bloom in
April's golden air;
And passionate love, and passionate grief, and
passionate gladness lie
Among the crimson flowers that spring as
youth goes fluttering by.

Ah! on those rosy pathways is no place for
sobered feet,
My tired eyes have naught of strength such
fervid glow to meet;
My voice is all too sad to sound amid the joy-
ous notes
Of the music that through charmed air for
opening girlhood floats.

Yet thorns amid the leaves may lurk, and
thunder-clouds may lower,
And death, or change, or falsehood blight the
jasmine in thy bower;
May God avert the woe, my child; but oh!
should tempest come,
Remember, by the threshold waits the patient
love of home!

All The Year Round.

DAME POESY'S WAYS OF LOVE:

BEING AS A PREFACE TO ALL MY VERSE.

DAME POESY — there are on whom she showers
The largess of her love with liberal hand,
Who in her arrased presence-chamber stand
Crowned with her gifts of fadeless song for
flowers.

And there are those again whom she devours
With fiery blinding kisses — as a brand
Burning, a cloud love-lurid o'er the lands
Flashing forth passion fierce as pain.

But ours,
Ours is a love, if so perchance it be
That I have place at all within her heart,
Other than these, and humbler for my part,
Who am content when there has fallen on me
In life's dull champaign, for a little while,
The flitting April favour of her smile.

Examiner.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life
long,
And love no other till thy days shall end —
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go —
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than gilds those earthly
morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy cares,
If, after death, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for
me,
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves — a tardy recompense —
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses
wave,
And raindrops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I; but trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss my tears; e'en nature's self forgets;
But while I live, be true!

Songs of Three Centuries.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

ON SOME ASPECTS OF SCIENCE IN RELATION TO RELIGION.

ABSTRACT.

Prevalence of Scepticism at the present time—Its Causes, those especially connected with the pursuit of Natural Science—Collision of this with Theology, from dogmatizing on the part of the latter, and from speculations in matters of Revelation, with historical retrospect—Philosophical theories of nature legitimate in their proper place; of these Evolution at present the most influential—Notice especially of the theories of Lamarck, of the "Vestiges of Creation," and of Darwin—Difficulties from gaps in nature, as between inanimate and living bodies, unconscious and conscious existence, and the lower animals and man, and that in respect both of intellectual and moral powers—Question of Interposition—Bearing of Evolution on the primary act of Creation—Conclusion as to its bearing on Natural Theology—Question of accordance with the language of Scripture—Plea for toleration and Church guidance in such questions—Explanation of the line of argument taken.

Is there any real ground for the prevalent impression of the rapid advance of scepticism among us at present, or is this feeling a mere panic, due to some casual turn of that conflict between faith and unbelief, which can never cease so long as the Church of Christ is militant here on earth? It partakes probably of both characters. It must be a panic or groundless fear that Christianity will be overborne, and lose its hold on the minds of men, for our Lord's words stand sure, that the gates of hell shall never prevail against his Church; and a short retrospect of the history of modern thought will show that it has passed before this through times when the opposition of sceptical tendencies was both fiercer and more widespread than now. Matters, at least among us, have hardly yet reached such a pass that we could adopt the words of Bishop Butler, in the advertisement prefixed to the first edition of his "Analogy"—"It is come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject for enquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious, and accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all persons of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisal for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."

Yet, on the other hand, the impression seems to be so far true, that in the ever-recurring oscillations of public feeling the wave of religious fervour, which followed the deadness of last century, is now in turn subsiding, in many quarters, into a state of spiritual apathy; and this, falling in with the unprecedented advances of physical science, has led to the latter being put forward as a sort of substitute for religion, and so thrust into a position false and damaging to both.

It does not materially affect the conclusion, to admit, as in candour we must, that other influences have contributed to these results, with which even good churchmen may have more or less sympathy—such as a reaction from the intolerance which marked the older usages, and the mixing up of politics with religion, which was in its ultimate effect as adverse to the spirituality of its professors as the present temper of public opinion is to the avowal of a definite creed. Nor does it seriously affect the argument to admit also that the jealousy and strife caused by our long-standing differences in doctrine have had no small share in bringing about the present state of matters, for the two influences have in fact been working all along in opposite directions—the increase of scepticism and indifference among the masses going on side by side with a multiplication of religious sects, and a marked increase of earnestness among their respective adherents.

To appreciate fully the results of that separation of general education from religious training to which we are now so obviously tending, we must consider especially its effect on our more advanced students, who are at the time of life when the intellectual powers first come into vigorous play, and find occupation for themselves in filling up the blank left by the want of definite religious teaching at an early period, with the current systems of the day, as furnished to them in the textbooks in common use. The exclusion from such manuals of any guiding principle of religion—however consistent with the general line of policy now adopted in education—cannot but foster a sceptical turn of mind, for the practical effect of

presenting to the young a system of nature, complete in everything but the momentous questions of its origin and support, is of itself suggestive of these being still unsettled points, on which the mind is free to fall in with any speculations which take the fancy.* Some of the books in use among our students are, moreover, open to the charge of a decided tendency to materialism, which, if not directly inculcated, is at least naturally suggested to the reader, by the way in which the facts are put before him, and the general treatment of the subject.

Of this state of matters it is hardly possible to overrate the gravity. Its want of reticence lays the mind of the young open before us unconsciously, and we may well fear that it is more from prudential caution than through conviction, that a decent regard to orthodoxy marks more or less the general conversation of some of their elders. But if the rising generation grow up in the open avowal of such sceptical views, considerations of this nature are not likely to have much influence with them when their powers of thought are more matured, and thus we have before us a prospect which may well fill the minds of Christian parents with anxious forebodings, what the end of these things will be.

It is true there is nothing here to outrage the religious susceptibilities of the country, as in some of the recent writings and addresses of the reputed leaders of scientific thought, but it should be considered that the overt character of their language goes far of itself to counteract its misleading power, except in the case of minds ready prepared by the insidious working of a secularized education to admit freely suggestions which conflict with the principles of religion. As indications, however, of the position taken by some men of scientific eminence, with more or

less acquiescence on the part of others, such utterances — though probably in some degree misjudged in the popular estimate — unquestionably point to the advance of sceptical views among the more educated classes. And though these are not now put forward in the same offensive manner as in the experience of a former generation, it must be borne in mind that the energetic counter-movement also in progress on the side of religion will probably, in its collision with the former, impress on it a much more aggressive and intolerant character than it ostensibly bears at present.

The question, therefore, which the pursuit of natural science occupies with regard to revealed religion must be one at present of deep interest to every candid inquirer after truth. The conclusions drawn from such scientific inquiry are indeed only one of the causes to be assigned for the prevalence of doubt and scepticism. Bishop Ellicott, in his editorial postscript to the lectures published by the Christian Evidence Society, specifies two other sources of unsettlement — the results of the historical criticism of late years, and certain views recently put forward as to the grounds of our knowledge, and the true basis of religion and morality. But as it is impossible here to traverse all the grounds of doubt, those are selected which bear on the progress of natural science, as being the most urgent. For while difficulties suggested by historical criticism or metaphysical speculations are confined comparatively to a few, or are adopted at second hand by others as stock arguments, those connected with some of the prevalent theories of nature come unbidden to many — nay, may be said to be thrust upon them — by the increasing efforts to popularize natural science, and the loose and unguarded way — to use the mildest language — in which some of its professors mix up unsound philosophical, or rather theological, speculations, with strictly scientific matter.

This mode of treating the subject is no doubt often due to an involuntary confusion of thought on the question of the proper limits of the province of natural science which underlies the whole matter

* There is much force in Mr. Pritchard's comment on this reticence observable in the modern writings of some able men, which, whatever the cause may be, is both disappointing and painful to religious minds. "The giants of old, who were the pioneers of modern knowledge — the Keplers, the Newtons, the Bernouillis, the Euclers, of ancient fame — had no such reticence. Why should the sons be more reticent than the fathers?" (Preface to "Hulsean Lectures," p. xxx.)

before us; and if at times there are indications also of an irrational jealousy of any dogmatic statements whatever, even on points lying wholly beyond the range of experimental research, it is but fair to bear in mind that in the past history of science, theologians have often pursued an unreasonably obstructive policy, and that men of science have had to fight hard for the admission of conclusions which they, and the representatives of their original persecutors, are now alike agreed in recognizing as well-established truths. As this harsh treatment was but the natural result of prejudice, alarmed at the new advances of science upsetting old-established notions, so the overbearing language of some *savants* of the present day, when they come to touch on religious questions, may also probably be accounted for, if it cannot be excused, by a reaction from the unreasonable opposition which is only just passing away. The fact at least is undeniable, however it is to be explained, that the first established conclusions of modern science were, on their promulgation, violently opposed by the prevalent theological teaching of the day, though it cannot be said they were brought forward with any view to disparage religion. It is needless here to introduce in illustration the trite reference to the condemnation of the Copernican system by Pope Paul V. in 1616, though it may not be equally so to call attention to the fact — more commonly overlooked — that in 1818 Pope Pius VII. cancelled the prohibition, which, for more than two centuries, had interfered with its being taught, otherwise than as a hypothesis, in any Roman Catholic university. Geology, within the memory of many of our own generation, has had to encounter an opposition, and in due time obtained a recognition, both of which, if less formal, are nowise less decided. Time was, when even dignitaries of the Church, in their public prelections, made use of such expressions as "geologists and other infidels," though, so far from the pioneers of this science being biassed in their conclusions by any wish to upset the received religious teaching, there is reason to think that they impeded its progress by adopting premature

theories to adjust new discoveries to old beliefs; so that from time to time they were compelled to throw away some element in their conclusions, which fresh investigations showed to be no longer tenable. Hence, in part the frequent change of geological theories, which has been made a reason for not accepting its present teaching.*

Later still we have had like collisions in regard to the antiquity of the human race, and the connection of the nervous system with the play of thought — views still warmly opposed by some theologians, though mostly on assumptions which are repudiated by their supporters. Yet even already these views command such a fair amount of favour in the same quarter, as to make it impossible to say that the theological mind, as such, has pronounced against them. Other controversies of a similar nature are still pending, though probably few men of science doubt as to the ultimate issue; and the same may be said of some theologians, as eminent for the soundness of their belief as for the extent of their acquaintance with the laws of nature — as will sufficiently appear from the references to their works in the following pages.

There is, however, at the present day, a very perceptible modification of tone on both sides of the discussion. While on the one hand the opposition is much less general, and conducted with more discrimination, on the other hand we cannot well shut our eyes to the new scientific views which are now attracting public attention, being sometimes advocated in a spirit unfriendly to revelation — as is indicated by the proneness to import into the discussion inferences nowise necessarily involved in the question, and obviously tending to unsettle our faith, or at least by the use of an ambiguous phraseology, naturally suggestive of such a tendency. Hence the teaching of some of the more advanced writers of the day on natural science presents to the Christian student a difficulty which did not attach to the Copernican system of astronomy, or the doctrine of the geological antiquity of the

* Farrar: "Science in Theology," p. 301.

earth, in the days when these subjects were respectively in dispute; for not only are the results opposed by the popular religious teaching as inconsistent with the sense which it puts on the language of Scripture, but they are associated with a philosophical theory which seems repugnant to the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. With every allowance for the misleading effect which prejudice may have on his mind, and for the amount of real or probable truth contained in the strictly scientific part of the statement, he finds that to deal fairly either with it, or with his own religious belief, he has no resource but to dissociate the scientific conclusions from their theological or philosophical setting, and to reconstruct them on a new basis, more in conformity with the principles of his faith.

In fact, while natural science and dogmatic theology have each their proper province, within which their rights are paramount, the popular expositors on both sides are prone to overlay their just claims with pretensions which are damaging to their legitimate influence, as going beyond their due jurisdiction—like the style of king of France, which the English monarchs used formerly to append to their own rightful titles; and if the theologian goes out of his way when he proceeds to dogmatize on matters of scientific observation, surely the *savant* is equally wide of his mark when he mixes up his statements on the character and sequence of the phenomena of nature with speculations as to the cause of being, and the connection between the natural and the supernatural.

But though it is true that the scientific inquirer goes out of his way, and can no longer claim the standing of a student of nature, when he enters on questions on which physical research can really throw no light, and in regard to which our conclusions must rest on considerations of quite a different kind, it by no means follows that for the satisfactory progress even of the investigation of nature some system of philosophical arrangement is not required in order to combine isolated facts into an orderly whole. No doubt, as genius is necessary for the conception of a theory suited to the case, discretion is no less called for in its application. Yet it will be generally allowed that without such theories the natural sciences would never have attained their present advanced position. Without some such philosophical conception to guide him, the student of nature, however assiduous he may be in

his observations, does but little to turn them to their full account. He may be compared to an omnivorous fancy collector, whose curiosity-shop—misnamed a museum—has hardly any character in common with the well-arranged collection of a real naturalist, though it may possibly outnumber it in the variety of specimens it contains. All minds of a higher cast have felt that, in order fully to appreciate the importance even of a single fact, it must be viewed, as far as may be, in its relations to all those previously known. Hence the inducement for those occupied in the study of nature to base their researches on some general theory of the universe, either ready made to their hands, or of their own excogitation.

The theory at present probably most in favour, as giving a harmonious explanation of the various phenomena of nature, is that of evolution; and it is to this the following remarks will chiefly be directed, as, in some of its modifications, it underlies most of the points in which science is alleged to be in conflict with religion. In the interest of the latter, therefore, it is desirable to inquire, not into its abstract truth, or probability, for this is a point which men of science may be left to settle among themselves, but into the question, whether its fundamental principles are compatible or not with those of religion, natural and revealed. If no essential discordance can be shown to exist between the two, it is surely both unreasonable and unadvisable to put under the ban of religion a theory which has acquired an acceptance in scientific circles, already so general, and seemingly still on the increase.

The fundamental idea implied in this term evolution—or unrolling—is the continuity of succession in the phenomena of the universe, including all material forms, animate and inanimate, as opposed to the notion of *discontinuous* succession, or intermittent action, which is involved in the idea of the succession of forms, not derived, each from the foregoing, but brought into being, each, as it were, by itself, apart from the others, and separated from them by gaps, more or less obvious, both of time and character.

Such theories have at all times had great attractions for scientific minds, but, unfortunately, the exclusive contemplation of the sensible phenomena of nature has indisposed many of its most earnest students from seeing aught beyond it, and led them to adopt notions, which go to deify nature itself. Hence the most

noted systems of evolution have such a pantheistic complexion as, in the public mind, to colour the whole subject with the same tint.

This is especially the case with Lamarck's theory of the transmutation of species, dating from the beginning of the present century. Lamarck held that a series of changes have been from the beginning in slow, but continual progress, affecting the characters of living beings, and tending gradually to change one form into another. In this way he maintained that it was possible to account for the variety of species found in nature at present—the different types indicated by geological research, as having existed in past ages—and the continuous gradation from simpler to more complex forms in the scale of being.

Thus assuming, as the primordial form of life, an animalcule of the simplest conceivable kind, and of microscopical dimensions, he carries it onward through the successive stages of its development, till under the guidance of his fictile imagination it acquires the characters of various of the higher animals, and finally attains to the attributes and dignity of man. Lamarck's views for a long time met with little countenance, at least in this country, and Sir C. Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology," published in 1830, shows very clearly, in the able abstract he gives of the theory, that he considered it, at that time, too absurd to deserve serious consideration.

The same idea of the transmutation of species, and the gradual development of the higher from the lower forms of life, was again put forth in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation," published anonymously in 1844; but no impression was made in its favour on the public mind, till the appearance of Charles Darwin's work, "On the Origin of Species by Natural Selection," in 1859, which turned the balance of scientific opinion to the side of evolution. Since then the publications in which this theory has been advocated have been too numerous to be referred to in detail, but the names of Mr. A. Wallace, Sir J. Lubbock, Professors Huxley and Tyndall, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and its former critic, Sir C. Lyell, may be mentioned as some of the leading contributors to its extension.

One reason, no doubt, of the favourable reception of Darwin's theory is the large array of facts brought forward, and the skill with which they are dovetailed together, in support, or at least in illustra-

tion of his views. Lamarck brings forward nothing like positive evidence of the actual occurrence of the changes of bodily conformation which his theory involves. All, therefore, that he can be said to have done, is to suggest a *conceivable* scheme of evolution by transmutation, in showing how species do grade into each other, and how certain transformations—supposing they had been, or could be effected—would be in harmony with the changes in the mode of life. Moreover, he seems to make it an essential part of his system to refer the new development of organs entirely to a straining on the part of the creature, after the ends to which they are subservient, and he has thus put a stamp of pantheism on his conception, which it is impossible to efface, without recasting the whole.

In the theory proposed in the "Vestiges of Creation," the progressive elevation of animal life is ascribed to a gradually increased prolongation of the first stage of the development of the embryo, in which the most general features only of structure are laid down, and from which it turns aside to acquire the more special characters of its adult form, at an earlier or later period, according to the lower or higher place of each species, in the scale of organization. It is very doubtful if our present knowledge of the laws of embryogeny warrants the generalization assumed for the basis of this theory, but the same religious objection does not apply to it as to the former; for the author is careful to refer the result to the prearranged adaptation of the Creator. His bias is rather to that form of deism, which regards the Supreme Being somewhat in the light of a human artificer of exalted powers, and which thinks to magnify His work, by representing the mechanism of creation to be so perfectly constructed in the beginning, as to go on thereafter of itself, without farther care on the part of its maker, like an elaborate piece of self-regulated clockwork. But the deism of this author is surely as needless a setting to his theory as the pantheism of Lamarck to the other. If it is conceived to be the divine plan of operation to elevate the animal creation by a transmutation of species, effected in this particular way, it must be at least as reasonable to hold that the plan is carried out by the exercise of a continuous volition, as by the independent working of a prearranged mechanism, which, when once set in action, is ever after left to itself.

Indeed these two theories serve well to

illustrate the tendency of the human mind to oscillate "to and fro between pantheistic and anthropomorphic notions of the Deity, in its attempts to separate, in its conceptions of His agency, the idea of personality, as derived from our experimental knowledge of ourselves, from those limitations with which it is necessarily associated in a finite being like man. In other respects, however, they are both now merely of historical interest, having ceased for some time to exercise any influence they ever had on scientific thought.

The very different position of Darwin's theory is probably due, not only to the literary and scientific merits, already acknowledged, of the work in which it was brought forward, but also to the suggestion of two agencies, which, so far as they go, are of real force, and must be allowed to play a part—at least as instruments—in effecting the transformations which are as essential to this scheme, as to either of the others. These agencies are what the author terms natural, and sexual, selection.

By natural selection Darwin understands the continuance of certain races, to the exclusion of others, in consequence of their progenitors possessing and transmitting to their descendants some individual peculiarities, which were favourable to their well-being, by giving them an advantage in the struggle for existence, which presses more or less on all living beings, so as in the lapse of time to extinguish those least fitted to hold their ground. The expression is suggested by the analogy of the artificial or intentional selection, by which breeders and fanciers effect such remarkable changes in the habits and conformation of the various kinds of plants and animals taken under their charge. Variations of different sorts are constantly occurring—especially among domesticated species, in consequence probably of deviations from their natural mode of life—and the art of the breeder lies in perpetuating such of these variations as he thinks of importance, by pairing the individuals in which they occur, and secluding them from the common kind. A selection similar to what is thus intentionally exercised by the breeder Darwin shows to be practically carried out in nature, only with this difference, that the standard of the selection is not its conducing to the profit, or falling in with the fancy of the breeder, but its tending to the advantage of the species itself; and the efficiency of its working depends on the simple fact of the survival of the fittest. In so far as any changes of character are of use, they help

to increase the chance of the race weathering the influences which are opposed to its permanence, while, in so far as they are detrimental, they lead to its succumbing under their pressure.

Yet it must be admitted that there is something perplexing, if not misleading, in Darwin's use of the term "natural selection" in the course of his argument, or at least in his mode of manipulating it, if the expression may be allowed. In the first place, as is pointed out by the Duke of Argyll in his "Reign of Law,"* there is something inappropriate in the very title of the work—"The Origin of Species by Natural Selection"—for though natural selection may explain why, when certain varieties have occurred, some should have a greater chance of permanence than others, it does not touch the *origin* of those differences among individuals, which, when amplified and perpetuated, give rise to a distinction of species. Then there is something perplexing, at least, in the assumption which pervades the work, that this natural selection somehow accounts for the progressive appearance of higher forms of life, as we advance from the earlier to the more recent phases of its history. The occurrence of the individual peculiarities among the young, which, by their perpetuation and increase come at length to form points of specific difference, being in the first instance quite fortuitous—or at least unexplained—what is there to determine the general result in an upward, rather than in a downward direction, as regards elevation of type? Is there not here some ground for Sir John Herschel's objection, that it is too like the Laputan method of making books?† Granted that the weeding out of all varieties which are disadvantageously modified will, in the long run, perpetuate the more vigorous and better adapted races, still this is quite a different thing from its leading to a progressive, rather than a retrogressive change in the general type of organization, for it is by no means always the case that the higher forms of life stand their ground better than the lower. If natural selection results not only in the increasing perfection of species within their existing grades, but also in the eventual elevation of the animal organization by the production of forms or species, higher in the scale of being, its operation must be directed to some ulterior end—to something beyond the immediate

* P. 230.

† Sir W. Thomson's "Address to British Association," 1871.

adaptation of structure to the surrounding conditions.*

By sexual selection Darwin understands not only the greater facilities of vigorous and well-endowed individuals in securing fit mates, and their better chance, in consequence, of procreating a superior and more enduring race, but also the influence in this choice of certain tastes or instincts, which in some cases he certainly shows to be very remarkable. In so far, however, as these tastes, or instincts, tend to any higher or more remote end than is in relation to the immediate conditions of life, they are as inexplicable as any other agency leading to such an end, except on the supposition of the guidance of a superior will. To refer the progressive elevation of type, for which he contends, either to natural or sexual selection, except as instruments in the hands of a higher power, is to personify these agencies; and this, if it means anything—if it is more than a mere figure of speech—is really but a form of pantheism. Against any such imputation it is but fair to set the author's distinct admission of a Creator in several passages of his concluding chapter, but one is compelled to allow that the absence of any direct acknowledgment of a guiding power above nature not only leaves an unpleasant impression on the religious mind, but must also exercise an unfavourable influence on general readers, as appearing to fall in with the pantheistic views directly advocated by many writers of the day.

Darwin's work, after all, covers but a small part of the wide field of evolution, and so keeps clear of some of the special difficulties which beset its thorough-going advocates, in extending the application of the theory to the whole series of cosmical changes which have occurred from the beginning. Especially has their ingenuity been tried by the great divisions of nature, marking off, even to the popular mind, plants and animals, as fundamentally distinct from each other, as well as from inanimate bodies on the one hand, and the human kind on the other. For these several groups are separated by intervals or gaps, caused not so much by differences in the amount of elaboration characteristic of each, as by differences in

kind. Thus living beings are marked off from inanimate objects by the totally diverse nature of the forms and structure, no less than of the actions peculiar to each. Plants and animals again, though both alike the seat of vital, as distinguished from merely physical actions, and by that adaptation of structure to function, which is expressed by the term organization, yet differ from one another in the *kind* of actions the organization discharges in each, and especially by the manifestation in the latter of the faculties of sensation and volition, to which we have nothing at all corresponding in the former. Lastly, man, though truly animal, transcends all other members of that group, not only by the vast superiority in degree of his psychical powers, but still more by the possession of moral endowments, different wholly in nature from anything manifested by the brute creation. And while we give especial prominence to these, as the most salient points of distinction, we must not forget that there are others also, which, if possible, of less importance, are yet perhaps equally inexplicable by the unaided theory of evolution.

Yet it is to the power of the creature only that these intervals are thus impassable. Such gaps in the apparent continuity of nature need offer no real difficulty to one who looks on evolution merely as a general statement of the continuity with which he believes the Creator to operate in raising the work of His own hands—and that not merely from a general faith in His almighty power, but also perhaps on grounds distinctly scientific. It is a principle with which we are familiar in other departments of inquiry, that the application of gradual increments of force of like amount is not always equally uniform in its results, for when once an opposing influence is overcome, there follows a sudden increase of apparent effect, quite out of proportion to the last addition. To borrow an illustration from a main source of our pre-eminence as a manufacturing people—when water is heated over a fire, we find that, up to a certain limit, the only effect of the continued addition of heat is a corresponding rise of its own temperature, but as soon as the boiling point is reached, a very different and much more energetic action ensues, in the explosive discharge of steam.

The interval which separates living from inanimate objects is that which the majority of naturalists would seem to regard as the most formidable difficulty in the way of any theory of continuous de-

* See also the note "on the origin of species by natural selection," appended to Mr. Fritchard's "Hulsean Lectures," bearing especially on the optical structure of the eye; and similar remarks on the ear in Mivart's "Genesis of Species," p. 273. Helmholtz's observations on the optical action of the eye do seem, however, to go so far to meet some of the difficulties started by Fritchard.

velopment. To estimate the real force of their objection it will be necessary first to indicate what is understood by vital as distinguished from physical actions.

To form a correct idea of vitality, we must not draw our conclusions simply from the manifestations of life, which, from occurring in the higher animals, are obvious to general observers, for here the most striking features are due to the orderly concatenation of the actions performed by the several parts of a complex structure. These parts are not to be compared to the flinty particles, or the calcareous crystals clustered together to make up a rock of sandstone or marble, but they are what are properly termed *organs*, that is, instruments adapted to perform special actions tending to the welfare of the body to which they belong, or, as physiologists express it, to discharge definite functions; and the higher the animal is in the scale of being, so much more varied in general are the organs making up its structure. In this point of view the animal or vegetable fabric admits of a general comparison with a piece of mechanism, such as is constructed by human ingenuity, only that the natural machine is vastly more complex and highly finished than the artificial. It is true that the end or object differs in the two cases, much as it differs in natural selection and the art of breeding—the mechanism of man's construction has its parts fashioned and fitted together to carry out some purpose useful to man, while in the natural organization, or *organism*, the parts work together for the good of the body to which they belong. Still the analogy between the two is sufficiently obvious, and has supplied writers on natural theology with an abundant store of illustrations of the power, wisdom, and beneficence of the great Designer, though the argument is one which needs to be handled with discretion, as liable to suggest to some minds anthropomorphic notions of the Divine Being.

But the very complexity of organization in the higher forms of life renders them less suitable to show wherein vital differ from physical actions, because their special play is masked by the prominence of the mechanical adaptation, in which principles of a purely physical nature are always largely concerned. It is to the species low in the scale of organization we must turn to observe living action in its simplest form. To sensible inspection some of the lowest forms of life present no organization whatever, and the same

may be said even of the higher, if we confine our observation to their earliest germinal stage. They are merely minute masses of homogeneous viscid material or *protoplasm*, yet they exhibit characters which distinguish them from inanimate matter. They have that uniform composition which is known to chemists as *quaternary* or *ternary* (carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, with or without azote)—they present peculiar movements—they propagate their kind—they incorporate in their substance some of the surrounding elements, rejecting others—and they keep to a definite form or pattern, which is very constant, on the whole, in each species, though they increase in size, and generally, at certain periods in their life-history, they become more or less differentiated in their structure, indicating a tendency at least to organization.

The question naturally suggests itself, on what do these special powers, in such gelatinous particles, depend? Are they something over and above any properties belonging to the matter of which they are formed—something which the young inherit from their parents, along with their bodily substance, but distinct from it—something which may be compared to the credentials of an envoy, giving him an influence quite independent of what is due to his natural address? Or, may these new properties be owing simply to some peculiar arrangement of the molecules of the protoplasm, which is admitted to be of a more complex constitution than ordinary matter? Molecular changes in a body do certainly elicit properties of a very different kind from what it presented before, and to diversified conditions of this sort physicists now generally attribute the various phenomena of sound, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism—why not then, it may be asked, those also of vitality? As the rhythmical vibration of the particles of a body is the cause of its emitting musical sounds, may not some speciality in its molecular constitution be the reason of its manifesting the peculiar phenomena known as vital? May not a living differ from an inanimate body, somewhat as a sounding differs from a silent string? This is not the place to discuss so recondite a question, and one still so warmly argued in scientific circles, but so far as one can judge of the tide of opinion, the rising school of physiologists incline for the most part to such views, though authorities of great weight—as Dr. L. Beale—still contend strongly that vegetable or animal life implies something

beyond a speciality in the molecular constitution of the matter in which it is manifested.

It must be allowed that such demur would be at once overruled were we to admit, with Dr. C. Bastian, and a large array of Continental naturalists, the occurrence of what is termed spontaneous generation: that is, the development of the lower forms of animal and vegetable life from molecular changes in dead matter, without derivation from other individuals of a like kind; but this is a point as keenly disputed as the conclusion it would avail to support, and among its warmest opponents are some of those best known as the advocates of evolution. No more energetic repudiation of spontaneous generation has yet been put forth than the presidential address to the British Association in 1870 by Professor Huxley, who has since delivered a lecture at a later meeting of the same body, in which he contends with equal force for the automatical nature of animal life.

Those who look on the present aspect of nature, with all its variety of animal and vegetable life, as the result of the progressive evolution of brute matter, must needs hold that at some time or other, in the far distant past, a transition took place from an inanimate to an animated condition of existence, and might therefore be expected—as is argued by Dr. Bastian—to look favourably on any indications of a like transition at the present day. If it could occur in bygone ages, why not also now? Moreover, if nature, as Lamarck contended, is daily engaged in the formation of the elementary rudiments of life by spontaneous generation, a readier explanation is afforded of the co-existence, at every period, of species of all grades of organization, than if only one initial change of the kind is admitted; for this makes it necessary to suppose that some races have undergone immense progressive advance, while others have remained for untold ages in their original lowly condition. The rejection therefore of this doctrine by some of the leading evolutionists, notwithstanding its adaptation to their theory, is itself some presumption against its credibility.

On the other hand, we have to set the experimental evidence of numerous observers of admitted competence, which seems distinctly to show that, with every precaution to effect the destruction of living germs, or prevent their access to the materials employed, still animalcules and low vegetable growths do occasionally

make their appearance in organic solutions. And we cannot wonder that to many it appears more credible that matter may acquire by molecular changes a capacity for exhibiting vital movements than that the alleged invisible germs should possess an immunity from the heat of boiling water, or even higher temperatures, so uniformly destructive to all known forms both of animal and vegetable life.

But, however this may be, the disposition which seems to be gaining ground among physiologists, to regard vital actions as differing from physical, less in their essential nature than in their modification by molecular changes in the matter in which they are manifested, and the conditions under which they occur, affords ground perhaps for the presumption that the introduction of life into the divine economy of creation may have been effected without any break in the uniformity of the mode of operation—without any such change, that if the previous plan of God's working is to be called *natural*, this would need to be distinguished from it, as *supernatural*, or *miraculous*.

A farther advance, however, from mere organic or vegetative life to the play of the faculties of sensation and will does compel most thinkers to draw the bridle on their imagination, and adopt the words of Hegel, that an animal is a miracle for the vegetable world—so far, that is, as the animal creation involves the gift of psychical powers.

This reservation is necessary, because neither through the whole range of species, nor through the whole history of any individual, can self-consciousness be shown to be co-extensive with animal life. We have no proof of the existence in the lowest forms of endowments which can be distinctly identified with sensation, as it exists in ourselves or the higher animals. There is indeed *irritability* or *excitability*, by which physiologists understand action in response to impressions made on the body; but this does not of itself imply more than a prearranged adaptation of mechanism; for we are familiar with like effects in human contrivances, such as barrel-organs, or pieces of clockwork. These lower species are indeed modelled, to some degree, on the general plan of structure characteristic of higher forms; but the co-existence of psychical faculties is not only unsupported by any distinct evidence, but is opposed to the analogy of the embryonic development even of the highest animals, in which we find certain vital powers clearly indicated,

and the type of conformation to some extent marked out before those organs make their appearance which minister to sensation and volition. It may be difficult or impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to draw any definite line to mark the grade of organization which is required for the play of the psychical powers; but there is no reason, on that account, to doubt that consciousness and will — though essential to our ideas of the full perfection of animal life — are super-added to its other distinguishing characters, only at a certain stage of development, in the case both of individuals, and of this division of nature as a whole.

But one may well admit in this sense that "body up to spirit works," without holding mental action to be but the natural result of a certain degree of corporeal organization. And though it would be gratuitous to assert that such an advance, viewed as part of the divine order of procedure, is inconsistent with a theory of evolution, as necessarily implying a sort of break in the continuity of the plan of creation — seeing that to its Author all things are possible — yet, to our powers of conception, the manifestations of mind are so fundamentally different from those of physical energy, that it seems hardly possible for us to imagine how any scheme could be formulated by which the one might grade into the other.

The gap which separates the lower animals from our own species presents a very different aspect, according as we regard it in relation merely to their structural features, or to the contrast between the intellectual and moral capacity of man, and the psychical powers of the highest of the brute creation. It is on these latter points of distinction only that we can found the assertion of a difference between men and animals, sufficiently wide to justify the use of the term *hominal kingdom*, applied to the former by those naturalists who consider the human race a primary group in creation, as much as the animal or vegetable kingdom.

It may be allowed at once that the structural differences of man from the lower animals, though numerous, are comparatively of lesser magnitude in an anatomical point of view, and derive their importance mostly from their bearing on his superior intelligence, and the habits of life in conformity with it — such especially as his erect posture, and his power of manipulation; yet, as Mr. Wallace shows, there are some even of his bodily peculiarities not to be explained by the unaided opera-

tion of the laws of natural and sexual selection — such, for instance, as the large development of the brain, even in the most savage races, the constant deficiency of hair on the back, and the specialization of the hands and feet.*

On the other hand, vastly as man's powers of thought transcend the psychical endowments of the lower animals, there is probably so much community of character between them, that it would be hazardous to deny the possibility of the latter being raised to the level of the former by a course simply of natural development, under the guidance of a Higher Power — just as some of the inferior species may have their faculties wonderfully improved and expanded under the direction of man — though, as they do not communicate their acquirements to their fellows or their progeny, this education of individuals does nothing for the civilization of the race.

But many who might admit the abstract possibility of human reason being merely a more advanced stage in the development of the intelligence of the brute creation, will yet fairly contend that facts are wanting to raise it above the level of a possible hypothesis. The transition, it may be said, if it took place at all, must have been one of the latest of the evolutionary changes; and yet it has left no race in an intermediate condition, as a relic of its occurrence; for it is admitted that the minds even of the veriest savages are distinctly human in their capacities, and that, under favourable circumstances, they are all susceptible of education in a totally different sense from any of the lower animals.

Perhaps the most universal outcome of human reason is speech, while at the same time this acquirement must have tended more than anything else to promote its farther development. And whether we suppose speech, in its first origin, a direct communication to man from a Higher Power, or something excogitated by himself — invented possibly by some highly-gifted individual of the race — either theory implies a previous development of reasoning power quite above the level of the brute creation, for while no dumb race of men has ever yet been met with, none of the lower animals possesses, or can even be taught the use of language, in the most rudimentary form. Some few species, it is true, can be taught to articulate, but they cannot be said to use language, as they do not employ the articulate sounds to communicate ideas, which is the

* Essays on Natural Selection, pp. 335, 345, 349.

true essence of speech. It is remarkable, too, that the species which can be so taught—all belonging to the class of birds—are comparatively low in the scale, and owe the capacity probably to some imitative propensity, for the wide difference between their vocal organs and those of man renders only the more striking the inability of those higher animals to speak, which are endowed with more intelligence, and provided with organs apparently so much better fitted for the purpose.

Important as is the subject of the action of the brain-organs in thought, from the position it is now taking among the causes of perplexity to some minds, in the way of religious belief, it is obviously far too wide for consideration in this place; and in the present connection it will suffice to remark that however close the dependence of the manifestation of the intellectual powers may be on the extent and variety of the cerebral organization, this gives us no help here, as the difficulty still remains of accounting for the abruptness of the transition from the brain-structure of the lower animals to that of man.

But it is the moral aspect of human nature, which presents by far the most formidable difficulty to the theory of an absolutely continuous evolution. For the essential distinctness of the moral faculties, in virtue of which especially man is said to have been made in the image of God, we must be content to appeal to the common sense of mankind. To go into an argument on the question, or enter on a refutation of the ingenious attempts which have been made to reduce the motive of duty, founded on a conviction of right and wrong, to a calculation of the balance of self-interest, would lead us too far from the subject immediately before us.

Only so much may be said, that the introduction of a moral element into creation necessarily implies a corresponding change in the relation of the Creator to his creatures. It is not that God changes his principles of action, but simply that the creature having powers of a new kind, which involve free-will and consequent responsibility, the dealings of the Supreme Being are so modified as to become what we call the moral government of the world. Henceforth prayer becomes possible, and therefore obligatory on the part of the rational creature, and, with prayer, comes the reasonable expectation that it will be heard of God, and avail for the good of those who offer it.

Intimately connected with this moral government of God, is the subject of

special interpositions on His part; but the popular meaning attached to the expression is so indefinite, as to give some colour to an invidious use made of it at times by those who affect greater precision in the use of words. Interposition, meaning literally interference with the work of another, for the purpose of effecting or preventing some result, is in this sense of course quite out of place as applied to the divine procedure, for it would imply that the ordinary course of nature is so far independent of God, that it must be corrected from time to time by His immediate action, for the proper fulfilment of His purpose. But here, as in other cases, the use of language, borrowed—as all human language must be—from what falls in with man's weak and finite nature, need not imply imperfection or limit, when, for want of better, we use it in speaking of the Deity, or His ways. As we do not conceive of Him, as in human form, when we speak of the eye, the ear, the arm, or the finger of God—or of His being actuated by human passions, when we represent Him as moved by love or anger—so neither should we be supposed to mean, when we speak of an interposition of God, that the sequence of events is not really His work, save when we can see the immediate end to which He directs them. All that such language can fairly be held to mean is that, while in the general order of nature, we can discern only general purposes, there are times when the course of events is such as to suggest to our minds some *particular* end, as specially designed by God.

Or again, we may mean that, whereas in general men can discern a certain order in the divine procedure, which we call the laws of nature, there are occasions when they cannot discern this—when, in the language of Scripture, God is said to make “a new thing in the earth”—when a result follows which even the most knowing cannot reconcile with their apprehension of these laws. Such events we term *miracles*—literally, wonders; and this literal meaning corresponds better to their real character than the popular idea of an alteration of the laws of nature; for as to the wonder—that is, the effect on the minds of the beholders—there is no doubt, but whether God really changes His mode of working, is a question quite beyond our power to answer. For all we can say in our ignorance, the newness may not be in the working, but in the effect—depending on new combinations of laws themselves un-

changed. Perhaps even a fitter term is *signs*—a word applied in Scripture to all kinds of interpositions, and implying nothing as to their accordance, or discordance with nature, but referring wholly to the moral effect on the beholders, to whom such events are signs or indications of some particular purpose on the part of God.*

If evolution finds difficulty in bridging over the gaps which separate the great divisions of nature, still less can it grapple with the deep mystery of the original creation either of spiritual or material beings. "All science," as Professor Allman remarks, "is but the intercalation of causes—each more comprehensive than that which it has to account for—between the great primal cause and the ultimate effect. For the cause of these causes we seek in vain among the physical forces which surround us, till we are at last compelled to rest upon an independent volition—a far-seeing intelligent design."† Creation must be admitted, else it is not evolution simply, but atheism or pantheism, with which we have to do. All that evolution necessarily involves is that the product of creation has attained its present complexity by a continuous course of progressive change. Of course it may be objected that there is an inconsistency in this, because the primary creation implies a greater discontinuity of divine procedure than any number of subsequent acts of the same kind. Here at least all must admit a new line of action, when He, who, though threefold in His personality, had existed from all eternity in the solitude of His Godhead, first went out of Himself, as it were, to give origin to other beings besides himself. Any such argument, however, would tell not only against evolution, but also against progression; and yet God's dealings with His creatures are allowed by all to have a certain progressive character. Creation is indeed a mystery too far beyond our comprehension to give fair ground for any objections of this kind. The mind is altogether bewildered, when it essays to imagine what God's action was before that manifestation of Him-

self. Of His dealings with His creatures we may form some crude conception; but who will venture to conceive of His ways, while there were as yet no creatures on whom He might pour Himself out?

In considering therefore, thus far, the question of evolution simply in its bearing on natural religion, may we not fairly conclude that, though this theory may present perhaps special attractions to those inclined to pantheistic speculations, it is not essentially bound up with any system of theology, true or false? The query it involves is not by *what power*, but simply *in what order*, things have been brought into being—it is concerned with the *how*, not with the *why*—it tells of method, but it does not, within its proper limits, pretend to disclose causes.

If this is a just estimate of its scope, it follows of course that it is capable of being associated with a true belief in a personal God, and a worthy conception of His moral attributes, and that it may be pushed to its farthest logical consequences without necessarily coming into conflict with sound religious principles. It need not, for instance, interfere at all with the fullest confidence in the providence of God, or the efficacy of prayer; and if the evolutionist cannot explain *how* these are compatible with the uniform course of nature, no more can the religious man make it clear *in what way* God's being moved by prayer is to be brought into harmony with His immutable counsel and foreknowledge. The difficulty, such as it is, does not belong so much to the scientific as to the theological or philosophical aspect of the question, and has made itself even more conspicuous in religious than in scientific discussions. *Practically* there is no difficulty to one who realizes the being and character of God, whatever theory he holds as to His mode of working in nature. If man, who might seem to be born the slave of nature, as he cannot alter a single one of its laws, and too often allows himself to become their sport, yet may, and to some extent generally does become practically their master, turning them at will to his own purposes; why should we doubt that the issues of all things are in the hands of God, their maker and sustainer, though His manner of working is beyond our comprehension.

The scientific truth of evolution in general, or of any particular system, such as the Darwinian, is quite another matter. In this respect the doctrine must stand or fall according to the result of that searching inquiry, which its high pretensions as

* For various authorities in support of this view, see the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law," ch. i.

† "Address to the Biological Section, British Association," Bradford, 1873. A similar conclusion is reasoned out independently, from the molecular constitution of matter, by Professor Clerk Maxwell, in a lecture at the same meeting; and from the forces or energies of nature, by Sir Wm. Thomson (*Good Words*, Oct. 1882), and Professor Jevons ("Principles of Science," ii. 438)—authorities quoted by Bishop Cotellic, in his recent lectures on certain aspects of science and religion.

a theory of universal nature have reasonably provoked, but which is yet in too early a stage to warrant any decided opinion as to the ultimate verdict.

It is, however, probably on the ground of its alleged discordance with the Mosaic narrative of the creation that the doctrine of evolution is generally objected to. Till of late years the common teaching of naturalists themselves was that man, and every distinct kind of living being, whether plant or animal, was created independently of every other; and by people generally this was regarded as an article of faith, set forth in the very first page of their Bibles, where the phraseology certainly falls in with this notion, if it is not actually suggestive of it. How then could it be otherwise than that many should recoil from a theory that plants and animals have been brought into being through some molecular changes in the elements of lifeless matter, and that the primordial forms of life so generated, gradually increasing in size and complexity of structure, were developed eventually into the variety of living beings covering the face of the earth, and gave rise at last to our own species?

This speculation as to the origin of man, which is the crowning feature of the theory of evolution in the eyes of its advocates, is naturally that also which gives the finishing touch to its repulsiveness, in the popular esteem; for if the well-known words of the old poet—

Simia quàm similis, turpissima bestia, nobis,

show how offensive to our self-esteem our admitted resemblance to the degraded apes has ever been felt; how much more distasteful must the similitude become, when regarded as the external mark of real blood-relationship?

Not that this consideration—however potent to influence popular feeling—can weigh much with minds of true Christian humility, who admit that every creature of God is good, and, at the same time, while acknowledging that by nature they are but dust and ashes, yet believe that if any man is in Christ he is a new creature. Rather, as it is argued in a recent work—

If we be really descended from apes, and they from creatures lower still, it does, indeed, give a new emphasis to the phrase, "of the earth, earthy," and it gives a new and most marvellous aspect to that standing marvel of self-abasement, the incarnation of the Son of God. Of course, were our ancestors "marine ascidians," so were His, according to that human nature which it pleased Him to as-

sume; and thus we should see Him in a most wonderful and unexpected sense, gathering together in one, and summing up in Himself, all created life from the lowest to the highest. . . . I do not know why a Christian should be staggered at the thought of one unbroken continuity of life, from the lowest form of hardly sentient existence, unto Him that sitteth at the right hand of God; for, after all, the great gap in the cycle of life—a gap which seemed to be eternally impassable—was above man, not below him, and yet we know that this gulf which separated the highest creature by an infinite distance from the Creator, was bridged by the condescension of the Son.*

Still there remains, however, the "Scriptural difficulty." Here it is worth while to point out that if the literal phraseology of the Bible is inconsistent with some of the evolutionary theories, it is so in a much more formal way with the doctrine of the geological antiquity of the earth—a point now so generally conceded that in a note to a sermon lately preached before the University of Oxford, Mr. Farrar declares that the old explanation of fossil remains by a general deluge "cannot be held any longer by any one, who will put himself to the trouble of examining conscientiously the steps of geological proof; indeed the persons, who in future assert it, must abdicate their claim both to impartiality and intelligence."†

Yet the divines of less than half a century ago saw distinctly laid down, in the first chapter of Genesis and other places, the belief of their early years, that the earth, sun, moon, and stars, as well as all living beings, both of land and water, were made about six thousand years ago in the space of six natural days; while to the contemporaries of Galileo the immobility of the earth was quite clear from the same source, as well as from their own personal experience. Is it not written in the book of Psalms that God hath made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved?

The fact is, that in every age of progressive inquiry, the time will come when the assiduous pursuit of some branch of human knowledge will at last lead to results of such established character as to command the general acceptance of those who are conversant with it. And if these results be, as may happen, at variance with opinions which have come to be associated in people's minds with points of religious belief, an antagonism between

* Sermons by the Rev. R. Winterbotham, p. 308.

† Science in Theology, p. 101.

the two is inevitable, till the accidental error can be disentangled from the element of divine truth with which it had been entwined.

It can do no good, in the long run, to stave off this collision; for it must occur, sooner or later, in the general advance of education; and it can do nothing but harm to attempt a compromise, by such glosses either of religious or scientific truth as bring them into apparent harmony, only by leaving out of view the real points of difficulty; for these will at once suggest themselves to an inquiring mind, and the only result will be needlessly to protract a state of mental disquietude. If it is not in our power at once to give a satisfactory solution of the apparent discrepancy, surely the safer, as well as the more honest course, is to admit the fact, and refer it to its real cause—the imperfection of our knowledge, and the limited scope of our powers of reasoning.

That the conclusions which have been drawn from revealed truth should in some cases appear to conflict with those inferred from scientific research, need not surely, of itself, excite surprise, when we consider the difficulty at times of reconciling the results of different lines of scientific inquiry,* and how perplexing, on the other hand, to many minds is the logical outcome of such admitted articles of faith as the omnipotence of God and the free will of man. As we may well be content to admit the truth of each of these tenets, without being able to see how their results fit into each other, so we may also surely assent to the truth of a scientific conclusion, when established on as satisfactory a basis as that kind of knowledge admits of, without either being able to show the manner of its accordance with the surface-meaning of some Scriptural statement, or discrediting the latter on this account.

We have seen that European thought has long since passed through such an ordeal in the case of astronomical science; and, within our own experience, in that of geology. Why, then, should we lose heart in view of the controversies now pending, such as the dubious question of evolution, or the more certain, but still much disputed point of the existence of the human race through long ages of pre-historic time—or as to any conflict of opinion which

may yet emerge in the border-land between dogmatic theology and inductive science?

Of the bygone controversies referred to, it is needless to say that the result has been not only the full acquiescence of theologians in the scientific conclusions arrived at, but their coming to regard these sciences as valuable handmaids of religion, in setting forth the glory of Him who is the maker of all things visible and invisible alike. Shall we not from this learn a lesson at once of faith, hope, and charity—of faith, that we who hold steadfastly to the plain matters of revelation in what man could never have found out for himself, are inheritors of a kingdom which can never be moved by the upheaval of old beliefs in matters of human science; of hope, a sure and steadfast hope, that the advance of well-founded knowledge will gradually clear away the discrepancies which try, though they may not unsettle our faith; and; finally, of charity to those who differ from us, seeing how clearly the history of the past shows the liability to error even of such as are substantially in the right, and the danger of an indiscriminate condemnation of opinions, which, with all their falsity, may yet have in them some elements of truth?

If we now attempt to inquire how this good understanding has been brought about in any particular branch of science—as, for instance, in geology—we shall see cause to refer it mainly, if not entirely, to conviction of the truth of the scientific position, as established on independent evidence proper to itself, and very little, if at all, to the general acceptance of any interpretations of the sacred writings, which would bring the letter of the Mosaic account into harmony with such theories of geology as will commend themselves to the students of that science. That is, we have come to be agreed in admitting the truth of both, though we are by no means agreed as to the manner in which they are to be accommodated to each other; and we are content to ascribe this to our imperfect knowledge, and limited powers of apprehension.

As an example of such theories of accommodation, may be mentioned the suggestion of Dr. Newman, that as the real measure of time is the amount of work done in it, the “six days” of creation, though in one sense they might correspond—at the present rate of progress—to our natural days, yet, in point of operosity, were really equivalent to untold

* The immense length of time, for instance, required for the process of evolution, in the view of some of its propounders, which would exceed the limits of the possible age of the sun, as estimated by Sir Wm. Thomson, on physical grounds.

ages; so that the work of creation need not have been done *per saltum*, but might have been effected by as gradual a succession of stages as any evolutionist could imagine. Or Hugh Miller's supposition may be referred to, that Moses does but describe a series of visions, wherein the mystery of nature's birth was set before him, each having the character of a day's work of the Creator.* In calling attention to a qualified approval of this idea, in an essay by Dr. Pusey, read to the Church Congress at Norwich in 1865, Mr. Pritchard makes this striking comment on all such theories:—"Speaking, I trust, in a most reverential spirit, and with that caution and humility which the case demands, I feel bound to say that no interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony, regarded as a description of the actual order and actual duration of the creative steps, has yet been proposed, which is at all satisfactory to those who by study and preparation of mind are most capable of forming a correct opinion."† However ingenious, and even probable, some of these attempts at accommodation may be, they are confessedly not such as we can hold with the same confidence, either as the scientific conclusions themselves, or the Scriptural statements, with which it is sought to reconcile them. In fact, their attractiveness to many minds seems mainly to depend on our being free to take them up, to lay them down, and to modify them at our will, without at all affecting the certainty of our convictions on either of the other points.

The principle here contended for is that our acceptance of a scientific theory should be made dependent, not on our estimate of attempts to harmonize such details, but on its own proper evidence. If we judge this to be sufficient, and if at the same time we have full faith in the divine authority of Scripture, we must hold the two to be in substantial agreement, when they cover the same ground; for one truth cannot contradict another. But it may well be that we cannot see the precise mode of agreement—even as the fathers of Israel could not reconcile the prophecies of the glory of Christ with the predictions of his sufferings and abasement. True believers might hold both—some with more, some with less fulness, according to their measure of faith—but to know in what way both found their fulfilment in him, was reserved for the heirs

of the new covenant. So now we may well believe in the perfect agreement of the truths worked out by the reason of man, with those made known to him by revelation, though it may be without perceiving how they are to be reconciled in particular cases. Now we see through a glass, darkly, but in God's own time we may look for this also to be made plain to us, for the promise is that then we shall know, even as we are known. Meanwhile we must wait in faith; and it does not seem that we can hasten the result by crude conjectures of our own.

Now, if we apply this rule to the theory of evolution, it must be allowed to stand or fall as it bears the test of scientific inquiry. It is probably, in any case, a question only of tenability, for that evolution can ever take the position of a demonstrated truth is hardly consistent with the nature of the evidence. As yet it would appear to have received but partial countenance from men of science, and to be open to many objections, which, if they do not avail to upset the general doctrine, at least affect very much the form under which it may be eventually admitted as a probable theory of the universe.

Thus Mr. Mivart, while he contends very strongly for evolution, and is disposed to allow considerable play to Mr. Darwin's principle of natural selection in bringing about the present state of things, puts forward very forcible reasons for concluding that the origin of species cannot be explained by the sole action of such a process in eliminating the variations unfavourable to survival, so long as their occurrence is absolutely promiscuous, but that there must have been at least a preponderance in one definite direction, impressed on these variations, through some laws as yet unknown.* Indeed Mr. Darwin himself admits, in a later work,† that he at first "probably attributed too much to the action of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest." Mivart inclines also to the view, that the production of new species depends, not so much on the gradual accumulation of insensibly minute changes, as on the occurrence from time to time of variations of sensible magnitude.‡

So long, however, as the theory is on its trial before the court of science, it is surely both unfair and unwise to put it under the ban of religion. Unless it can be shown that such teaching tends essentially to dis-

* "Genesis of Species," espec. ch. i., ii., and the summary in ch. xi.

† Descent of Man, i. 152.

‡ Genesis of Species, ch. iv. p. 98.

* Testimony of the Rocks, lect. iv.

† Preface to "Hulsean Lect.," pp. xi. xiv.

honour God, why should we fight against it in His name? And in what respect *does* it derogate from his honour, to regard his creation and government of the universe as one uniform and continuous course of upholding and elevating the work of his own hands — not as though he were tied to this by any necessity external to himself, but simply because it is implied in the very perfection of his being that his course of action must, from the first, be so perfectly adapted to the ends in view, as to preclude the idea of change? Or how can it be made to appear that this conception of his mode of working is less worthy of him than that which represents the universe as originated by many independent acts of creation, and governed by occasional miraculous interferences with the laws of nature, which he himself has made?

This is very much the view taken by Mr. Greig, in a paper read before the late Church Congress in Edinburgh, where he speaks of the divine action "not as condensed into creative construction and interpositional acts, but as *evenly distributed over the the whole evolution of nature*. We can have no interpositions; and this, not from any impossibility in conceiving God as interposing, or making a break in nature, but simply from the impossibility of conceiving him absent."* The late Mr. Kingsley also puts the matter very forcibly in the preface to his last work ("Westminster Sermons").† The new physical theories only ask us to extend the conception of evolution from the development of the animal germ to that of the whole world — "to believe that not individuals merely, but whole varieties and races; the total organization of life on this planet; and it may be the total organization of the universe, have been evolved just as our bodies are, by natural laws, acting through circumstance. This may be true, or it may be false. But all that its truth can do to the natural theologian will be, to make him believe that the Creator bears the same relation to the whole universe as that Creator undeniably bears to every individual human body."

In regard to the Scriptural difficulty, the same author remarks that the term *create* is nowhere defined: "The means — the *how* — of creation is nowhere specified. Scripture again says that organized beings were produced each according to its kind. But it nowhere defines that term. What

a kind includes, whether or not it includes the capacity of varying — which is just the point in question — is nowhere specified. And it is a most important point in Scriptural exegesis, to be cautious as to limiting the meaning of any term, which Scripture itself has not limited, lest we find ourselves putting into the teaching of Scripture our own human theories or prejudices."* The same line of argument might be applied to the account of the origin of man, for though it is said he was formed of the dust of the earth — which we may understand to mean of the elements around us — nothing is said to exclude the supposition that between these elements being first endowed with the properties of living matter and the final completion of the perfect man, all those series of developmental changes may have intervened, for which evolutionists contend. "These," says Mr. Greig, "are purely scientific questions, and whatever answer science finally gives to them, we need not be discomposed. Even the most extreme Darwinian view need not shock us, provided it is added, as it must be added, that such was God's will and purpose. What the religious mind really recoils from is not any special mode of origin, however mortifying to our pride, but the idea that God had no hand in it."† To make but one other quotation — Dr. Liddon observes, in a late university sermon: "Where he is describing the forms which may be assumed by the creative activity of God, Peter Lombard uses words, which, if I rightly understand them and it, read like an anticipation of the Darwinian doctrine as to the origin of species; though I am far from saying that the Master of Sentences, with his eye on the text of Genesis, would have granted this hypothesis as far as the modern writer would have pressed the theory."

There are many reasons, on the other hand, why, in the interests of religion, every facility should be given for the candid and independent investigation of the theories of nature, exciting so much attention at present. In no way could so effectual an answer be given to the stale charge that the Church discourages a spirit of inquiry, and would keep its members in ignorance, that they may be more subservient to authority. It is true that for the inquiry to be of any advantage either to the student or others, a humble recognition of the limits of our powers,

* Report, p. 65.
† P. xxiv.

* P. xxvii.
† Report of Edinburgh Church Congress, p. 267.

and a respectful attitude towards what is beyond them, are as necessary as candour and diligence within these bounds. But will not this be much better secured by the Church herself making provision for the guidance of students of natural science, than by discouraging such a line of inquiry altogether, as is done in some quarters, where there would seem to exist a suspicion that the study of the material creation has something in its very nature disparaging to the Creator?

Such a suspicion — though it may find a counterpart in the extravagances on the other side — is of course unworthy of serious consideration, being nothing else than a kind of refined Manicheism; and its effect can only be to cause distrust among those who are striving in their several ways to search out the wonderful works of God, either in his spiritual or his material economy — joint labourers in the same field — a field surely wide enough for all to work in, without one jostling another from his place.

Theories of nature do undoubtedly present great attractions to many minds of a high order; and if they are fraught at the same time with special dangers to faith, it is surely the true policy, no less than the duty of the rulers of the Church, to provide special safeguards for those who are drawn under their influence, rather than, by crossing their natural bent, to repel them from orthodoxy altogether. Such an alienation of our choicer spirits must not only be to their own grievous loss, but must involve also the rejection of stores of knowledge of a kind most interesting in itself, and capable, if used aright, of becoming a powerful testimony to the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, which it is the main office of the Church to promote, — a testimony too, which, in the present temper of the public mind, would come with special effect from this quarter.

In conclusion, we must beg the reader's patience for a few remarks on the position taken in the preceding pages. It may be thought that while the attitude of the exponents of science has often of late been of a defiant and aggressive kind, we have here represented them as receiving but scant toleration, and have taken up a line of pleading quite unnecessary in the case of those so well able, and so well inclined to maintain their own rights. We do not question but there may be some truth in this, though the insolent attitude on one side may found a sort of excuse in the jealous suspicion exhibited on

the other. But, to speak plainly, the real reason for the line here taken, is the opportunity of putting the case fairly before churchmen. What good purpose could it serve here to enlarge on the aggravating language of our opponents? This would only be to widen the breach which we deplore. But if we can suggest to any, who, in their alarm at the progress of unbelief, would shackle the freedom of thought in all directions, that there is possibly another side to the question, there is some reason to hope that good may come even of this small contribution to the discussion of the subject.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CURATE LEAVES BRENTBURN.

CICELY went to her room that night in a very nervous and disturbed condition. It was her last night, too, in the house in which she had been born; but she had no leisure to think of that, or to indulge in any natural sentiments on the subject. She was very much alarmed about her father, whose looks were so strange, but did not know what to do. That he should take her for her mother was perhaps not wonderful at such a moment of agitation; but it frightened her more than words can say. What could she do? It was night, and there was no one in the house with her but Betsy, who had for hours been buried in deepest slumbers; and even had she been able to send for the doctor, what advance would that have made? — for he was not ill, only strange, and it was so natural that he should be strange, — and the good steady-going country doctor, acquainted with honest, practical fevers and rheumatism, what help could he bring to a mind diseased? Cicely had changed her room in her new office of nurse, and now occupied a small inner chamber communicating with that of the two children. She was sitting there pondering and thinking when she heard her father come up-stairs. Then he appeared suddenly bending over the children's little cots. He had a candle in his hand, and stooping feebly, kissed the little boys. He was talking to himself all the time; but she could not make out what he said, except, as he stood looking at the children, "Poor things, poor things! God bless you." Cicely did not show herself, anxiously as she watched,

and he went out again and on to his own room. He was going to bed quietly, and after all it might turn out to be nothing; perhaps he had been dozing when he called her Hester, and was scarcely awake. After this she intended to go to bed herself; for she was sadly worn out with her long day's work and many cares, and fell dead asleep, as youth unaccustomed to watching ever will do in the face of all trouble. The house was perfectly still so long as she was awake; not a sound disturbed the quiet except the breathing of Harry and Charley, and the tap of the jessamine branches against her windows. There was one last blossom at the end of a branch, late and long after its neighbours, which shed some of its peculiar sweetness through the open window. The relief was so great to hear her father come up-stairs, and to know that he was safe in his room, that her previous fright seemed folly. She said her prayers, poor child! in her loneliness, giving tearful thanks for this blessing, and fell asleep without time to think of any bothers or sorrow of her own. Thus sometimes, perhaps, those who have other people to carry on their shoulders avoid occasionally the sharp sting of personal feeling—at least, of all the sentiments which are of a secondary kind.

The morning was less warm and bright than usual, with a true autumnal haze over the trees. This soothed Cicely when she looked out. She was very early, for there were still various last things to do. She had finished her own individual concerns, and locked her box ready for removal, before it was time to call the children, who slept later and more quietly than usual by another happy dispensation of providence. Cicely heard the auctioneer arrive, and the sound of chatter and laughter with which Betsy received the men, with whom already she had made acquaintance. Why not? Shall everybody be sad because we are in trouble? Cicely asked herself, and she leant out of the window which overlooked the garden, and took a deep draught of the dewy freshness of the morning before she proceeded to wake the children and begin the day's work. Her eyes, poor child! were as dewy as the morning; but she did not give herself time to cry, or waste her strength by such an indulgence. A knock at her door disturbed her, and she shut the window hastily, and shaking off those stray drops from her eyelashes, went to see what Betsy wanted so early. Betsy stood outside, looking pale and excited.

"The men says, please, miss, will you come down-stairs?" said Betsy, making an effort at a curtsy, which was so very unusual that Cicely was half-amused.

"What do they want? I have to dress the children, Betsy. Could not you do instead?"

"If you please, miss, I'll dress the children. Do go—go, please, Miss Cicely! I'm too frightened. O miss, your poor papa!"

"Papa?" Cicely gave the girl one frightened beseeching look, and then flew down-stairs, her feet scarcely touching the steps. Why was he up so early? Why was he vexing himself with those men, and their preparations, making himself miserable about nothing, when there were so many real troubles to bear? The men were standing in a little knot by the study-door, which was half-open. "What do you want with me? What is it?"

They were confused; one of them put forward another to speak to her, and there was a little rustling, and shuffling and changing of position, which permitted her to see, as she thought, Mr. St. John sitting, facing the door, in his usual chair. "Ah! it is papa who has come down, I see—thank you for not wishing to disturb him. I will tell him," said Cicely, passing through the midst of them with swift light youthful steps.

"Don't let her go! Stop her, for God's sake!" cried one of the men, in subdued confused tones. She heard them, for she remembered them afterwards; but at that moment the words conveyed no meaning to her. She went in as any child would go up to any father. The chair was pushed away from the writing-table, facing towards the door, as if he had been expecting some one. What surprised Cicely more than the aspect of his countenance, in which at the first glance she saw no particular difference, was that he had upon his knees, folded neatly, a woman's cloak and hat—her mother's cloak and hat—which had remained in his room by his particular desire ever since Hester died.

"Papa, what are you doing with these?" she said.

There was no reply. "Papa, are you asleep?" cried Cicely. She was getting very much frightened, her heart beating against her breast. For the moment some impulse of terror drove her back upon the men at the door. "He has gone to sleep," she said, hurriedly; "he was tired, very much tired last night."

"We have sent for the doctor, miss," said one of the men.

"Papa, papa!" said Cicely. She had gone back to him paying no attention to them; and then she gave a low cry, and threw herself on her knees by his side, gazing up into his face, trembling. "What is the matter?" said the girl, speaking low; "what is it, papa? Where were you going with that hat and cloak? Speak to me; don't sit there and doze. We are to go away — to go away — don't you remember — to-day?"

Some one else came in just then, though she did not hear. It was the doctor, who came and took her by the arm to raise her. "Run away, my dear; run up-stairs till I see what is to be done," he said. "Somebody take her away."

Cicely rose up quickly. "I cannot awake him," she said. "Doctor, I am so glad you have come, though he would not let me send yesterday. I think he must be in a faint."

"Go away, go away, my dear."

It neither occurred to the poor girl to obey him nor to think what he meant. She stood by breathless while he looked at the motionless figure in the chair, and took into his own the grey cold hand which hung helpless by Mr. St. John's side. Cicely did not look at her father, but at the doctor, to know what it was; and round the door the group of men gazed too, awe-stricken, with Betsy, whom curiosity and the attraction of terror had brought down-stairs, and one or two labourers from the village passing to their morning's work, who had come in, drawn by the strange fascination of *what had happened*, and staring too.

"Hours ago," said the doctor to himself, shaking his head; "he is quite cold; who saw him last?"

"O doctor, do something!" cried Cicely, clasping her hands; "don't lose time; don't let him be like this; do something — oh, do something, doctor! Don't you know that we are going to-day?"

He turned round upon her very gently, and the group at the door moved with a rustling movement of sympathy. Betsy fell a-crying loudly, and some of the men put their hands to their eyes. The doctor took Cicely by the arm, and turned her away with gentle force.

"My dear, you must come with me. I want to speak to you in the next room."

"But papa?" she cried.

"My poor child," said the compassionate doctor, "we can do nothing for him now."

Cicely stood quite still for a moment, then the hot blood flushed into her face,

followed by sudden paleness. She drew herself out of the kind doctor's hold, and went back and knelt down again by her father's side. Do nothing more for him — while still he sat there, just as he always did, in his own chair?

"Papa, what is it?" she said, trembling, while they all stood round. Suddenly the roughest of all the men, one of the labourers, broke forth into loud sobs.

"Don't you, miss — don't, for the love of God!" cried the man.

She could not hear it. All this came fresh to her word for word a little later, but just then she heard nothing. She took the hand the doctor had taken, and put her warm cheek and her young lips to it.

"He is cold because he has been sleeping in his chair," she cried, appealing to them. "Nothing else — what could it be else? and we are going away to-day?"

The doctor grasped at her arm, almost hurting her. "Come," he said, "Cicely, this is not like you. We must carry him to bed. Come with me to another room. I want to ask you how he was last night." This argument subdued her, and she went meekly out of the room, trying to think that her father was to be carried to his bed, and that all might still be well. Trying to think so; though a chill had fallen upon her, and she knew, in spite of herself.

The men shut the door reverently as the doctor took her away, leaving him there whom no one dared to touch, while they stood outside talking in whispers. Mr. St. John, still and cold, kept possession of the place. He had gone last night, when Cicely saw him, to fetch those relics of his Hester, which he had kept for so many years in his room; but, in his feeble state, had been so long searching before he could find them, that sleep had overtaken Cicely, and she had not heard him stumbling down-stairs again with his candle. Heaven knows what fancy it was that had sent him to seek his wife's cloak and hat; his mind had got confused altogether with trouble and weakness, and the shock of uprootal; and then he had sat down again with a smile, with her familiar garments ready for her, to wait through the night till Hester came. What hour or moment it was no one could tell; but Hester, or some other angel, had come for him according to his expectation, and left nothing but the case and husk of him sitting, as he had sat waiting for her, with her cloak upon his knees.

"I am going to telegraph for her sister," said the doctor, coming out with red eyes

after all was done that could be done, both for the living and the dead. "Of course you will send and stop the people from coming; there can be no sale to-day."

"Of course," said the auctioneer. "The young lady wouldn't believe it, my man tells me. I must get them off at once, or they'll get drinking. They're all upset like a parcel of women—what with finding him, and what with seeing the young lady. Poor thing! and, so far as I can learn, very badly left?"

"Left!" cried the doctor; there was derision in the very word. "They are not *left* at all; they have not a penny in the world. Poor St. John, we must not say a word now against him, and there is not much to say. He got on with everybody. He did his duty by rich and poor. There was never a better clergyman; always ready when you called him, early or late; more ready for nothing," the doctor added remorsefully, "than I am for my best-paying patients. We might have done more to smooth his way for him perhaps, but he never could take care of money or do anything to help himself; and now they'll have to pay for it, these two poor girls."

Thus the curate's record was made. The news went through the parish like the wind, in all its details; dozens of people were stopped in the village going to the sale, and a little comforted for their disappointment by the exciting story. Some of the people thought it was poor Miss Brown, the *other* Mrs. St. John, whom he was looking for. Some felt it a strange heathenish sort of thing of him, a clergyman, that he should be thinking at that last moment of anything but the golden city with the gates of pearl; and thought there was a dreadful materialism in the cloak and hat. But most people felt a thrill of real emotion, and the moment he was dead, mourned Mr. St. John truly, declaring that Brentburn would never see the like of him again. Mrs. Ascott cried so that she got a very bad headache, and was obliged to go and lie down. But she sent her maid to ask if they could do anything, and even postponed a dinner-party which was to have been that evening, which was a very gratifying token of respect. Mrs. Joel, who was perhaps at the other extremity of the social scale, cried too, but had no headache, and went off at once to the rectory to make herself useful, pulling all the blinds down, which Betsy had neglected, and telling all the callers that poor Miss Cicely was as well as could be expected,

though "it have given her a dreadful shock." The trunks stood all ready packed and corded, with Mr. St. John's name upon them. But he had no need of them, though he had kept his word and left Brentburn on the appointed day. After a while people began to think that perhaps it was the best thing that could have happened—best for him certainly—he could never have borne the rooting up, they said—he could never have borne Liverpool, so noisy and quarrelsome. "Why, it would have killed him in a fortnight, such a place," said Mr. Ascott, who had not, however, lent a hand in any way to help him in his struggle against fate.

Mab, it is needless to say, came down at once with Aunt Jane, utterly crushed and helpless with sorrow. Poor Cicely, who was only beginning to realize what it was, and to make sure that her father absolutely was dead, and beyond the reach of all bringing back, had to rouse herself, and take her sister into her arms and console her. Mab sobbed quietly when she was in her sister's arms, feeling a sense of strong protection in them.

"I have still you, Cicely," she said, clinging to her.

"But Cicely has no one," said Aunt Jane, kissing the pale girl with that compassionate insight which age sometimes brings even to those who do not possess it by nature. "But it is best for you to have them all to look after, if you could but see it, my poor child!"

"I do see it," said Cicely—and then she had to disentangle herself from Mab's clinging, and to go out of the room where they had shut themselves up, to see somebody about the "arrangements," though indeed everybody was very kind and spared her as much as they could.

After the first shock was over it may well be supposed what consultations there were within the darkened rooms. The funeral did not take place till the following Tuesday, as English custom demands, and the days were very slow and terrible to the two girls, hedged round by all the prejudices of decorum, who could do nothing but dwell with their grief in the gloomy house which crushed their young spirits with its veiled windows and changeless dimness. That, and far more, they were ready to do for their father and the love they bore him; but to feel life arrested and stopped short by that shadow of death is hard upon the young. Miss Maydew, whose grief naturally was of a much lighter description than that of the girls, and with whom decorum was stronger

than grief, kept them up-stairs in their rooms, and treated them as invalids, which was the right thing to do in the circumstances. Only at dusk would she let them go even into the garden, to get the breath of air which nature demanded. She knew all the proper ceremonials which ought to be observed when there was "a death in the house," and was not quite sure even now how far it was right to let them discuss what they were going to do. To make up for this, she carried to them the scraps of parish gossip which she gleaned from Mrs. Joel and from Betsy in the kitchen. There had, it appeared, been a double tragedy in the parish. A few days after the death of the curate, the village schoolmistress, a young widow with several babies, had "dropped down" and died of heart-disease in the midst of the frightened children. "It is a terrible warning to the parish," said Miss Maydew, "two such events in one week. But your dear papa, everybody knows, was ready to go, and I hope Mrs. Jones was so too. They tell me she was a good woman."

"And what is to become of the children?" said Cicely, thinking of her own burden.

"Oh, my dear, the children will be provided for; they always are somehow. There are so many institutions for orphans, and people are very good if you know how to get at them. No doubt somebody will take them up. I don't doubt Mr. Ascott has votes for the British Orphans' or St. Ann's Society, or some of these. Speaking of that, my dears, I have been thinking that we ought to try for something of the same kind ourselves. Cicely, hear first what I have got to say before you speak. It is no disgrace. How are Mab and you to maintain these two little boys? Of course you shall have all that I can give you, but I have so little; and if girls can maintain themselves, it is all they are likely to do. There is a society, I am sure, for the orphans of clergymen——"

"Aunt Jane! Papa's sons shall never be charity boys——never! if I should work my fingers to the bone, as people say."

"Your fingers to the bone——what good would that do? Listen to me, girls. Both of you can make a fair enough living for yourselves. You will easily get a good governess's place, Cicely; for, though you are not very accomplished, you are so thorough——and Mab, perhaps, if she succeeds, may do still better. But consider what that is: fifty pounds a year at the

outside; and at first you could not look for that; and you are always expected to dress well and look nice, and Mab would have all sorts of expenses for her materials and models and so forth. The cheapest good school for boys I ever heard of was forty pounds without clothes, and at present they are too young for school. It is a woman's work to look after two little things like that. What can you do with them? If you stay and take care of them, you will all three starve. It would be far better to get them into some asylum where they would be well looked after; and then," said Aunt Jane, insinuatingly, "if you got on very well, or if anything fortunate happened, you could take them back, don't you see, whenever you liked."

Mab, moved by this, turned her eyes to Cicely for her cue; for there was a great deal of reason in what Aunt Jane said.

"Don't say anything more about it, please," said Cicely. "We must not say too much, for I may break down, or any one may break down; but they shall not go upon charity if I can help it. Oh, charity is very good, I know; we may be glad of it, all of us, if we get sick or can't find anything to do; but I must try first——I must try!"

"O Cicely, this is pride, the same sort of pride that prevented your poor papa from asking for anything——"

"Hush, Aunt Jane! Whatever he did was right; but I am not like papa. I don't mind asking so long as it is for work. I have an idea now. Poor Mrs. Jones! I am very, very sorry for her, leaving her children desolate. But some one will have to come in her place. Why should it not be me? There is a little house quite comfortable and pleasant where I could have the children; and I think the parish would not refuse me, if it was only for papa's sake."

"Cicely! my dear child, of what are you thinking?" said Miss Maydew, in dismay. "A parish schoolmistress! you are dreaming. All this has been too much for you. My dear, my dear, you must never think of such a thing again!"

"O Cicely, it is not a place for a lady, surely," cried Mab.

"Look here," said Cicely, the colour mounting to her face. I'd take in washing if it was necessary, and if I knew how. A lady! there's nothing about ladies that I know of in the Bible. Whatever a woman can do I'm ready to try, and I don't care, not the worth of a pin, whether it's a place for a lady or not. O Aunt Jane, I beg your pardon. I know how

good you are — but charity! I can't bear the thought of charity. I must try my own way."

"Cicely, listen to me," cried Aunt Jane, with tears. "I held back, for the children are not my flesh and blood as you are. Perhaps it was mean of me to hold back. O Cicely, I wanted to save what I had for you; but, my dear, if it comes to that, better, far better, that you should bring them to London. I don't say I'm fond of children," said Miss Maydew; "it's so long since I had anything to do with them. I don't say but what they'd worry me sometimes; but bring them, Cicely, and we'll do what we can to get on, and when you find a situation, I'll — I'll — try —"

Her voice sank into quavering hesitation, a sob interrupted her. She was ready to do almost all they wanted of her, but this was hard; still, sooner than sacrifice her niece's gentility, the standing of the family — Cicely had good sense enough to perceive that enough had been said. She kissed her aunt heartily with tender thanks, but she did not accept her offer or say anything further about her own plans. For the moment nothing could be done, whatever the decision might be.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RECTOR'S BEGINNING.

MR. MILDMAJ came to Brentburn the Saturday after the curate's death. The Ascotts invited him to their house, and he went there feeling more like a culprit than an innocent man has any right to do. He fairly broke down in the pulpit next day, in the little address he made to the people. "God knows," he said to them, "that I would give everything I have in the world to bring back to you the familiar voice which you have heard here so long, and which had the teachings of a long experience to give you, teachings more precious than anything a new beginner can say. When I think that but for my appointment this tragedy might not have happened, my heart sinks within me; and yet I am blameless, though all who loved him have a right to blame me." His voice quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and all the Brentburn folks, who were not struck dumb with wonder, wept. But many of them were struck dumb with wonder, and Mr. Ascott, who was his host, and felt responsible for him, did more than wonder. He interfered energetically when the service was over. "Mildmay," he said, solemnly, "mark my words, this

will never do. You are no more to blame for poor St. John's death than I am or any one, and nobody has a right to blame you. Good heavens, if you had never heard of the poor fellow, don't you think it would have happened all the same? You did a great deal more than any one else would have done — is that why you think it is your fault?"

Mildmay did not make any reply to this remonstrance. Perhaps after he had said it, he felt, as so many impulsive men are apt to do, a hot nervous shame for having said it, and betraying his feelings; but he would not discuss the question with the Ascotts, who had no self-reproach in the matter, no idea that any one could have helped it. They discussed the question now, the first shock being over, and a comfortable Sunday put between them and the event, with great calm.

"He was just the sort of man that would not even have his life insured," said Mr. Ascott. "What those poor girls are to do I do not know. Go out for governesses, I suppose, poor things! the common expedient; but then there are those babies. There ought to be an act of Parliament against second families. I never had any patience with that marriage; and Miss Brown, I suppose, had no friends that could take them up?"

"None that I know of," his wife replied. "It is a dreadful burden for those girls. It will hamper them in their situations, if they get situations, and keep them from marrying —"

"They are pretty girls," said Mr. Ascott. "I don't see why they shouldn't marry."

"That is all very well, Henry," she replied; "but what man, in his senses, would marry a girl with a couple of children dependent on her?"

"A ready-made family," he said, with a laugh.

This was on the Sunday evening after dinner. It was dusk, and they could not see their guest's face, who took no part in the conversation. To hear such a discussion as this, touching the spoiling of a girl's marriage, is quite a commonplace matter, which the greater part of the world would think it foolishly fastidious to object to, and probably Mr. Mildmay had heard such talk upon other occasions quite unmoved; but it is astonishing the difference it makes when you know the girl thus discussed, and have, let us say, "a respect" for her. He felt the blood come hot to his face; he dared not say anything, lest he should say too much.

Was it mere poverty that exposed those forlorn young creatures, whose case surely was sad enough to put all laughter out of court, to such comment? Mrs. Ascott thought it quite possible that Mr. Mildmay, fresh from Oxford, might consider female society frivolous, and was reserving himself for loftier conversation with her husband, and that this was the reason of his silence—so she went away smiling, rustling her silken skirts, to the drawing-room, in the humility which becomes the weaker vessel, not feeling herself equal to that loftier strain, to make the gentlemen's tea.

Her husband, however, came up-stairs after her by himself. Mildmay had gone out for a stroll, he said, and seemed to prefer being alone; he was afraid, after all, he was a morose sort of fellow, with very little "go" in him. As for the new rector, he was very glad to get out into the stillness of the dewy common after the hot room and the fumes of Mr. Ascott's excellent port, which he disliked, being altogether a man of the new school. He skirted the common under the soft light of some stars, and the incipient radiance of the moon, which had not yet risen, but showed that she was rising. He went even as far as the back of the rectory, and that little path which the curate's feet had worn, which he followed reverently to the grey cross upon Hester's grave. Here a flood of peaceful and friendly thoughts came over the young man, bringing the tears to his eyes. He had only known Mr. St. John for about twenty-four hours, yet how much this short acquaintance had affected him! He seemed to be thinking of a dear old friend when he remembered the few moments he had stood here, six weeks before, listening to the curate's simple talk. "The lights in the girls' windows"—there they were, the only lights in the dark house, a glimmer through the half-closed shutters. Then he thought of the old man, bewildered with death, and death's weakness, sitting with his wife's cloak and hat ready, waiting for her to come who had been waiting all these years under the sod for him to come. "I shall go to her, but she will not come to me," said the new rector to himself, letting a tear fall upon the cross where the curate's hand had rested so tenderly. His heart was full of that swelling sensation of sympathetic sorrow which is both sweet and painful. And *she* was, they all said, so like her mother. Would any one, he wondered, think of *her* sometimes as Mr. St. John had done of his Hester? Or would

nobody, in his senses, marry a girl burdened with two babies dependent on her? When those words came back to his mind, his cheeks reddened, his pace quickened in a sudden flush of anger. And it was a woman who had said it—a woman whose heart, it might have been thought, would have bled for the orphans, not much more than children any of them, who were thus left in the world to struggle for themselves.

It was Mildmay who took all the trouble about the funeral, and read the service himself, with a voice full of emotion. The people had scarcely known before how much they felt the loss of Mr. St. John. If the new parson was thus affected, how much more ought they to be! Everybody wept in the churchyard, and Mr. Mildmay laid that day the foundation of a popularity far beyond that which any clergyman of Brentburn, within the memory of man, had enjoyed before. "He was so feelin' hearted," the poor people said; they shed tears for the old curate who was gone, but they became suddenly enthusiasts for the new rector. The one was past, and had got a beautiful funeral, carriages coming from all parts of the county: and what could man desire more? The other was the present, cheerful and full of promise. A thrill of friendliness ran through every corner of the parish. The tragedy which preceded his arrival, strangely enough, made the most favourable preface possible to the commencement of the new reign.

"Do you think I might call upon Miss St. John?" Mildmay asked, the second day after the funeral. "I would not intrude upon her for the world; but they will be going away, I suppose—and if you think I might venture——"

He addressed Mrs. Ascott, but her husband replied. "Venture? to be sure you may venture," said that cheerful person. "Of course you must want to ascertain when they go and all that. Come, I'll go with you myself if you have any scruples. I should like to see Cicely, poor thing! to tell her if I can be of any use—we are not much in the governing line; but you, Adelaide, with all your fine friends——"

"Tell her I should have gone to her before now, but that my nerves have been upset with all that has happened," said Mrs. Ascott. "Of course I have written and told her how much I feel for her; but say *everything* for me, Henry. I will make an effort to go to-morrow, though I know that to enter that house will unhinge me

quite. If she is able to talk of business, tell her to refer any one to me. Of course, we shall do everything we possibly can."

"Of course; yes, yes, I'll say *everything*," said her husband; but on the way, when Mildmay reluctantly followed him, feeling his purpose defeated, Mr. Ascott gave forth his individual sentiments. "Cicely St. John will never answer as a governess," he said; "she is far too independent, and proud—very proud. So was her father before her. He prided himself, I believe, on never having asked for anything. God bless us! a nice sort of world this would be if nobody asked for anything. That girl spoke to me once about the living as if it were *my* business to do something in respect to what she thought her father's rights! Ridiculous! but women are very absurd in their notions. She was always what is called a high-spirited girl; the very worst recommendation I think that any girl can have."

Mildmay made no reply; he was not disposed to criticise Cicely, or to discuss her with Mr. Ascott. The rectory was all open again, the shutters put back, the blinds drawn up. In the faded old drawing-room, where the gentlemen were put by Betsy to wait for Miss St. John, everything looked as usual, except a scrap of paper here and there marked Lot—. This had been done by the auctioneer, before Mr. St. John's death. Some of these papers Betsy, much outraged by the sight of them, had furtively rubbed off with her duster, but some remained. Mr. Mildmay had something of Betsy's feeling. He, too, when Mr. Ascott was not looking, tore off the label from the big old chiffonier which Mab had called a tomb, and threw it behind the ornaments in the grate—a foolish sort of demonstration, no doubt, of being on the side of the forlorn family against fate, but yet comprehensible. He did not venture upon any such freaks when Cicely came in, in the extreme blackness of her mourning. She was very pale, keeping the tears out of her eyes with a great effort, and strung to the highest tension of self-control. She met Mr. Ascott with composure; but when she turned to Mildmay, broke down for the moment. "Thanks!" she said, with a momentary pressure of his hand, and an attempt at a smile in the eyes which filled at sight of him, and it took her a moment to recover herself before she could say any more.

"Mrs. Ascott charged me with a great many messages," said that lady's husband. "I am sure you know, Cicely, nobody has

felt for you more; but she is very sensitive—that you know too—and I am obliged to interpose my authority to keep her from agitating herself. She talks of coming to-morrow. When do you go?"

"On Saturday," said Cicely, having just recovered the power of speech, which, to tell the truth, Mildmay did not quite feel himself to have done.

"On Saturday—so soon! and you are going——"

"With my aunt, Miss Maydew," said Cicely, "to London for a time—as short a time as possible—till I get something to do."

"Ah—h!" said Mr. Ascott, shaking his head. "You know how sincerely sorry we all are; and, my dear Cicely, you will excuse an old friend asking, is there no little provision—nothing to fall back upon—for the poor little children, at least?"

"Mr. Ascott," said Cicely, turning full towards him, her eyes very clear, her nostrils dilating a little—for emotion can dry the eyes as well as dim them, even of a girl—"you know what papa had almost as well as he did himself. He could not coin money; and how do you think he could have saved it off what he had? There is enough to pay every penny he ever owed, which is all I care for."

"And you have nothing—absolutely nothing?"

"We have our heads and our hands," said Cicely; the emergency even gave her strength to smile. She faced the two prosperous men before her, neither of whom had ever known what it was to want anything or everything that money could buy, her small head erect, her eyes shining, a smile upon her lip—not for worlds would she have permitted them to see that her heart failed her at sight of the struggle upon which she was about to enter. "And fortunately we have the use of them," she said, involuntarily raising the two small hands, looking all the smaller and whiter for the blackness that surrounded them, which lay in her lap.

"Miss St. John," said Mildmay, starting, "I dare not call myself an old friend. I have no right to be present when you have to answer such questions. If I may come another time——"

To look at his sympathetic face took away Cicely's courage. "Don't make me cry, please; don't be sorry for me!" she cried, under her breath, holding out her hands to him in a kind of mute appeal. Then recovering herself, "I would rather you stayed, Mr. Mildmay. I am not

ashamed of it, and I want to ask something from you, now that you are both here. I do not know who has the appointment; but you must be powerful. Mr. Ascott, I hear that Mrs. Jones, the schoolmistress, is dead — too."

"Yes, poor thing! very suddenly — even more suddenly than your poor father. And so much younger, and an excellent creature. It has been a sad week for Brentburn. She was buried yesterday," said Mr. Ascott, shaking his head.

"And there must be some one to replace her directly, for the holidays are over. I am not very accomplished," said Cicely, a flush coming over her face; "but for the rudiments and the solid part, which is all that is wanted in a parish school, I am good enough. It is difficult asking for one's self, or talking of one's self, but if I could get the place —"

"Cicely St. John!" cried Mr. Ascott, almost roughly in his amazement; "you are going out of your senses — the appointment to the parish school?"

"I know what you think," said Cicely, looking up with a smile; but she was nervous with anxiety, and clasped and unclasped her hands, feeling that her fate hung upon what they might decide. "You think, like Aunt Jane, that it is coming down in the world, that it is not a place for a lady. Very well, I don't mind; don't call me a lady, call me a young woman — a person even, if you like. What does it matter? and what difference does it make after all?" she cried. "No girl who works for her living is anything but looked down upon. I should be free of all that, for the poor people know me, and they would be kind to me, and the rich people would take no notice. And I should have a place of my own, and a home to put the children in. The Miss Blandys, I am sure, would recommend me, Mr. Mildmay, and they know what I can do."

"This is mere madness!" cried Mr. Ascott, paling a little in his ruddy complexion. Mildmay made a rush at the window as she spoke, feeling the situation intolerable. When she appealed to him thus by name, he turned round suddenly, his heart so swelling within him that he scarcely knew what he was doing. It was not for him to object or to remonstrate as the other could do. He went up to her, scarcely seeing her, and grasped for a moment her nervous interlaced hands. "Miss St. John," he cried, in a broken voice, "whatever you want that I can get you, you shall have — that, if it must be so, or anything else," and so

rushed out of the room and out of the house, passing Mab in the hall without seeing her. His excitement was so great that he rushed straight on, into the heart of the pine-woods a mile off, before he came to himself. Well! this, then, was the life he had been wondering over from his safe retirement. He found it not in anything great or visible to the eye of the world, not in anything he could put himself into, or share the advantages of. He, well-off, rich indeed, strong, with a man's power of work, and so many kinds of highly-paid, highly-esteemed work open to him, must stand aside and look on, and see this slight girl, nineteen years old, with not a tittle of his education or his strength, and not two-thirds of his years, put herself into harness, and take up the lowly work which would sink her in social estimation, and, with all superficial persons, take away from her her rank as gentlewoman. The situation, so far as Cicely St. John was concerned, was not remarkable one way or another, except in so much as she had chosen to be village schoolmistress instead of governess in a private family. But to Mildmay it was a revelation. He could do nothing except get her the place, as he had promised to do. He could not say, "Take part of my income; I have more than I know what to do with," though that was true enough. He could do nothing for her, absolutely nothing. She must bear her burden as she could upon her young shrinking shoulders; nay, not shrinking — when he remembered Cicely's look, he felt something come into his throat. People had stood at the stake so, he supposed, head erect, eyes smiling, a beautiful disdain of the world they thus defied and confronted in their shining countenances. But again he stopped himself; Cicely was not defiant, not contemptuous, took upon her no rôle of martyr. If she smiled, it was at the folly of those who supposed she would break down, or give in, or fail of courage for her work; but nothing more. She was, on the contrary, nervous about his consent and Ascott's to give her the work she wanted, and hesitated about her own powers and the recommendation of the Miss Blandys; and no one — not he, at least, though he had more than he wanted — could do anything! If Cicely had been a lad of nineteen, instead of a girl, something might have been possible, but nothing was possible now.

The reader will perceive that the arbitrary and fictitious way of cutting this knot, that *tour de force* which is always

to be thought of in every young woman's story, the very melodramatic begging of the question, still, and perennially, possible, nay probable, in human affairs, had not occurred to Mildmay. He had felt furious indeed at the discussion of Cicely's chances or non-chances of marriage between the Ascotts; but, so far as he was himself concerned, he had not thought of this easy way. For why? he was not in love with Cicely. His sympathy was with her in every possible way, he entered into her grief with an almost tenderness of pity, and her courage stirred him with that thrill of fellow-feeling which those have who could do the same; though he felt that nothing he could do could ever be the same as what she, at her age, so boldly undertook. Mildmay felt that she could, if she pleased, command him to anything, that, out of mere admiration for her bravery, her strength, her weakness, and youngness and dauntless spirit, he could have refused her nothing, could have dared even the impossible to help her in any of her schemes. But he was not in love with Cicely; or, at least, he had no notion of anything of the kind.

It was well, however, that he did not think of it; the sudden "good marriage," which is the one remaining way in which a god out of the machinery can change wrong into right at any moment in the modern world, and make all sunshine that was darkness, comes dreadfully in the way of heroic story; and how such a possibility, not pushed back into obscure regions of hazard, but visibly happening before their eyes every day, should not demoralize young women altogether, it is difficult to say. That Cicely's brave undertaking ought to come to some great result in itself, that she ought to be able to make her way nobly, as her purpose was, working with her hands for the children that were not hers, bringing them up to be men, having that success in her work which is the most pleasant of all recompenses, and vindicating her sacrifice and self-devotion in the sight of all who had scoffed and doubted — this, no doubt, would be the highest and best, the most heroic and epical development of a story. To change all her circumstances at a stroke, making her noble intention unnecessary, and resolving this tremendous work of hers into a gentle domestic necessity, with the "hey presto!" of the commonplace magician, by means of a marriage, is simply a contemptible expedient. But, alas! it is one which there can be no doubt is much preferred by most

people to the more legitimate conclusion; and, what is more, the accidental way is, perhaps, on the whole, the most likely one, since marriages occur every day which are perfectly improbable and out of character, mere *tours de force*, despicable as expedients, showing the poorest invention, a disgrace to any romantic or dramatist, if they were not absolute matters of fact and true. (Pardon the parenthesis, gentle reader. Mr. Mildmay was not in love with Cicely, and it never occurred to him that it might be possible to settle matters in this ordinary and expeditious way.)

Mr. Ascott remained behind when Mildmay went away, and with the complacency of a dull man apologized for his young friend's abrupt departure. "He is so shocked about all this, you must excuse his abruptness. It is not that he is without feeling — quite the reverse, I assure you, Cicely. He has felt it all — your poor father's death, and all that has happened. You should have heard him in church on Sunday. He feels for you all very much."

Cicely, still trembling from the sudden touch on her hands, the agitated sound of Mildmay's voice, the sense of sympathy and comprehension which his looks conveyed, took this apology very quietly. She was even conscious of the humour in it. And this digression being over, "her old friend" returned seriously to the question. He repeated, but with much less force, all that Miss Maydew had said. He warned her that she would lose "caste," that, however much her friends might wish to be kind to her, and to treat her exactly as her father's daughter ought to be treated, that she would find all that sort of thing very difficult. "As a governess, of course you would always be known as a lady; and when you met with old friends it would be a mutual pleasure; but the village schoolmistress!" said Mr. Ascott; "I really don't like to mention it to Adelaide, I don't know what she would say."

"She would understand me when she took all into consideration," said Cicely. "I could be then at home, independent, with the little boys."

"Ah, independent, Cicely!" he cried; "now you show the cloven hoof — that is the charm. Independent! What woman can ever be independent? That is your pride; it is just what I expected. An independent woman, Cicely, is an anomaly; men detest the very name of it; and you, who are young, and on your promotion —"

"I must be content with women then," said Cicely, colouring high with something of her old impetuosity; "they will understand me. But, Mr. Ascott, at least, even if you disapprove of me, don't go against me, for I cannot bring up the children in any other way."

"You could put them out to nurse."

"Where?" cried Cicely; "and who would take care of them for the money I could give? They are too young for school; and I have no money for that either. If there is any other way, I cannot see it; do not go against me at least."

This he promised after a while, very doubtfully, and by-and-by went home to talk it over with his wife, who was as indignant as he could have wished. "What an embarrassment it will be!" she cried. "Henry, I tell you beforehand, I will not ask her here. I cannot in justice to ourselves ask her here if she is the schoolmistress. She thinks, of course, we will make no difference, but treat her always like Mr. St. John's daughter. It is quite out of the question. I must let her know at once that Cicely St. John is one thing and the parish schoolmistress another. Think of the troubles that might rise out of it. A pretty thing it would be if some young man in our house was to form an attachment to the schoolmistress! Fancy! She can do it if she likes; but, Henry, I warn you, I shall not ask her here."

"That's exactly what I say," said Mr. Ascott. "I can't think even how she could like to stay on here among people who have known her in a different position; unless"—he concluded with a low whistle of derision and surprise.

"Please don't be vulgar, Henry—unless what?"

"Unless—she's after Mildmay; and I should not wonder—he's as soft as wax, and as yielding. If a girl like Cicely chooses to tell him to marry her, he'd do it. That's what she's after, as sure as fate."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

IN MY STUDY CHAIR.

NO. II.

IN the cursory survey of my study shelves in which the reader was good enough to accompany me some months ago, I was led, as I always am too easily, into somewhat vague reminiscences of public-school life, suggested by the familiar aspect of certain old Greek and Latin volumes. They have seen hard service, and

some ill-usage; and though their wounds have been dressed and bound up since with some care and tenderness, they still make up but a scarred and crippled battalion of pensioners. But in their very close neighbourhood—so close as to form an almost painful contrast—stands a small *corps d'élite* of what I may call show soldiers, which I passed over—let the reader hope, out of modesty. For they are school prizes—rewards of merit. As poor Hood says,—

Merit *had* prizes then.

And is to have again, we are told, in all our cases, old and young, by grace of competitive examination. Meanwhile most of us who have left school have been living, like myself, without prizes, the merit being undiscovered, or, very possibly, undiscoverable. But in my school-days, whether there was merit or not, at least there were prizes—for there they stand. It is curious, when I try to remember the pleasure and self-gratulation with which I received them, how little interest they have for me now—far less than some of those old worn volumes which we looked at before. These still look gay and smart enough—horribly smart, some of them, clad in light pink and blue, with broad gold bands, an atrocious style of binding peculiar to the prizes of that particular school at one particular date—but they look as if they were never meant to be read, which is fatal to any book's real attractions. Their contents, too, in most cases, are extremely forbidding, alike to boys or men. They were chosen for us by the masters of the several forms: and we boys had an impression (which in certain cases was probably correct) that when they consisted of publications of the day, they came from the pen of some private friend; and when they were "standard works," they had been obtained at a reduction to relieve the bookseller's shelves. Fraser Tytler's "Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern," in two volumes octavo, stares me in the face in its pink and gold: all history packed into that! If anything was especially calculated to lead a boy *not* to read history, it would be the notion, which the excellent professor must have desired to inculcate, that you had the essence of all history *there*. No one thinks much now, I suppose, of Goldsmith's compendiums: there are two of them, shabby and dog's-eared, in that far corner—Greece and Rome; but their very condition proves at least that they were eminently readable, just as the spruce and

untarnished condition of the "Elements" proves them to be eminently otherwise. I dare not put them in the hands of either of my own boys now, who would come down upon me with the modern theories of Curtius, and Mommsen, and Ihne, and assure me that there were no such persons as Romulus and Remus—that the she-wolf of Rome, like Shakespeare's "she-wolf of France," is merely a strong figure of speech for a lady who was not so angelic as she might have been—that Ulysses probably means the sun, and Penelope the twilight, and so forth. It may be so: but these modern philosophical historians seem much more clever at destructive theories than in giving us anything satisfactory instead: and we probably got quite as good an idea of what the old Romans and Greeks really were from the myths and anecdotes which have at any rate survived from a very high antiquity, as from the guesses of modern critics. And these old stories have been so worked into all later literature, in the way of allusion and illustration, that a familiar knowledge of them must always form part of a liberal education.

But the feeling of indifference with which these prize volumes now inspires me has nothing to do with their literary demerits. It is something more than indifference—it is a mixture of regret and contempt: regret for the interest that is lost; contempt for over-estimate of such petty distinctions. It is so, I suppose, with all the prizes of life: the objects we take such pains to gain, with which we thought we should be so satisfied and delighted if we could win them. Suppose them won: and, after the first joy of possession, how many of us will honestly say we are much happier than before for their attainment? Before even the gilding of them is tarnished, our own satisfaction in them has faded. I doubt much whether great success adds to a man's personal happiness in anything like the degree we are so apt to imagine. It comes generally step by step; and the step beyond, which has not yet been gained, is still the Naboth's vineyard of our covetousness,—the "little corner," which Horace says makes the great man's domain seem still all incomplete in his eyes. The bishop is not much happier, if he will confess, than when he was a country curate with all his hopes before him: his is no bed of roses, heaven knows, with impracticable young parsons and aggrieved parishioners calling upon him for judgments which it would have distracted Solomon to give wisely;

and he would probably have liked to have had the very bishopric which fell vacant just after his own appointment. The judge, most likely, misses the pleasant excitement of the days when he was a rising barrister. The cabinet minister finds out with what infinitesimally little wisdom a nation is governed, after all, and is under a daily apprehension that his prize may be taken away from him in spite of himself, as the penalty of other people's blunders. Let it be a comfort to us the large majority of unsuccessful men. The prizes of life are good things, and have their use, as our school-prizes had in their day. But if we could be placed for a moment on a higher sphere, as we stand now in looking back on the days of our boyhood,—if we could but be given the *πρωτο* from whence we could look down dispassionately on the great race of life, and the results to the competitors,—the prizes we have gained or not gained would seem to us infinitely little. Their real worth lay in the struggle which they encouraged—in that they spurred us to do our best. And so many of us as have done or are doing that are doing more than winning prizes.

So let those few gilded volumes stand, staring mementoes of the vanity of human wishes. Their humbler companions, who occupy the shelves above and below, raise in my mind no such ungrateful recollections. They are the working-tools of my studious days, such as they were, at Oxford. It were better to say studious nights; for the pleasant daylight there was more often spent in other society, not so instructive, yet perhaps not altogether without its share in one's education. The ancients were right when they spoke of "burning the midnight oil." They, too, surely rejoiced in the glorious outdoor life of Attica and Italy. There was not much good work done, I take it, in the fresh mornings or the hot noontide. The old philosophers and their pupils strolled about, we know, during these morning hours in the "porch" and in the "garden:" but this was but philosophy in sport; keen intellectual sword-play, or pleasant literary gossip, the coining small pieces for common use out of the gold won from its mine by severer labour. We, too, attended our "lectures" in the morning, when a prolonged breakfast-party did not interfere, and we had our peripatetic talks about the ethics and rhetoric, as we lounged in Merton Groves, or walked up Headington Hill; but most of the best work was done when gates were closed—"after Tom." And so it surely

was with the students at Athens. It must have been in the quiet night, when that busy and brilliant life was still, when all but the very latest supper-parties were over—for even young Rome and Athens, in their most rapid phase, kept comparatively early hours—that the philosopher and the poet wooed their respective muses in earnest. If to make the night one's working-day seem to be a transgression against the laws of nature, it is pleasant at least to think that one sins in good company. "Early to bed and early to rise" is possibly the way to be healthy and even wealthy; but I demur to the third assertion in the proverb. One of the best and most active men it was ever my good fortune to know or hear of—whose vigorous intellect had surely all the freshness of the morning, and whose vocation as the master of a great school necessarily demanded early rising as a habit—confessed that he never did any literary work so well or so satisfactorily as at night. The physiologists tell us, indeed, that the brain is then preternaturally active, and that to encourage it to work is like forcing a plant into bloom and fruit by artificial heat: but it is very doubtful whether practical experience would in most cases bear out this theory. Two of the saddest and best-known examples of an overworked brain—Scott and Southey—did most of their work in the morning. One grand condition of efficient work is to be able to work without distraction; and there are few of us so favourably circumstanced as to be able to command perfect insulation during the hours when everything is in full life and action round us. Many of us must have been driven, like Evelyn, to "redeem our losses" by borrowing a few hours from the night; so many are what he calls "the impertinences of life," which still we cannot put away from us without fairly incurring—as the honest lover of books ought never to incur—the charge of churlishness and selfishness. It is when all has been made fast for the night, when the study door can be shut upon the outer world, and there lie before us some three or four hours growing more and more secure from interruption,—it is then that we can throw ourselves heart and soul into the book which requires careful reading, or that we can make thought and pen work flowingly together, if, out of our fulness or our emptiness, we are impelled to write.

The wee short hour ayont the twal
is good for other companionship than

Burns's jovial gathering. It was in those hours in the long winter nights of Attica, that Aulus Gellius, as he tells us, shut himself up in his study in his country-seat, ransacked his books, and compiled what he called his "Attic Nights," those very early curiosities of literature; a curious farrago of extracts (frequently from lost works) and original notes of a desultory but copious reader, often quoted and little known.

But I must go back to those old college friends of mine, who stand silently on their shelves, reminding me of a past which I cannot consent, let utilitarians say what they will, to think altogether unprofitable. I do not venture to take upon me, in these desultory pages, a defence of classical studies. We are "the heirs of all the ages," no doubt; but I think, all the more for that very reason, we ought not to forget those forefathers in the spirit who gathered and left us the best of our literary inheritance. My sole regret, as to the time spent with those great minds of Greece and Rome, is that it was done in such half-hearted fashion—and, perhaps, that too much was taken up with the technicalities of metres and accents. But surely a man need no more regret that he was led to study for himself the sources of poetry, of history, of moral philosophy, than that he has patiently investigated, in the lecture-room or in the stone-quarry, the rudimentary forms of animal life. The records of a physical and material past are surely not more interesting to a rational inquirer than the records of an intellectual past: the operations of what we call nature are surely not more worthy of investigation than the operations of mind. You can read the ancient writers, people say, in translations; you have all that is valuable there. Yes; you can drink a bottle of champagne the day after it has been decanted, if you like; you have precisely the same quantity of wine, and much less trouble in opening it. It is not quite the same thing, though, you think? there is something wanting—a spirit and a raciness which you miss in the second-hand draught? Will there not be a loss of the same kind in the masterpieces of literature? Translate a song of Béranger or an essay of Montaigne into English; read a French version of Shakespeare or of Jeremy Taylor; let such versions be done with (what is the rarest of all qualifications in a translator) a full appreciation of the genius of both languages; yet will any Frenchman or Englishman venture to assert that

the version gives him the spirit of the original? At its best, it can only bear the same relation that the print does to the painting, or the painter's most successful rendering to the natural landscape itself.

Let no one therefore, who understands the true meaning of a "liberal" education, regret the time he has spent upon the Greek and Roman classics. What I do somewhat regret is that in Oxford we were not much encouraged to any wide or general acquaintance with those authors, but confined rather to a few books, of which a critical knowledge was expected. I do not deny the value of such a mental training in many ways: it supplied to us, no doubt, in some sort the general lack of mathematics for which Oxford at that time was too notorious. And if we had all been in training for professors and tutors, this special knowledge of a few books—or rather portions of books—would have been very necessary and very useful. But any comprehensive acquaintance with that magnificent literature was very rare indeed, even in the case of first-class men. There is reason to fear that the modern university regulations have a tendency to make it rarer still. There is passing away from us a generation of scholars, bred when honours were fewer at Oxford, when the classics were read more for their own sake and less for the sake of what they might fetch in the market, whose studies seem to have had a far wider range. They were perhaps not so well trained in close philological criticism; but their large acquaintance with the best classical writers supplied in a great measure the want of this technical condition. We must remember that all philology is merely the result of large observation of particulars: and he who knows any author almost by heart (as some of these earlier scholars did), and has thus thoroughly mastered his style, compares intuitively in his mind passage with passage, until he has evolved, sufficiently for his own practical use, those general laws which the philologist has only reached by the same process. M. Jourdain had talked a great deal of prose without being aware of it; and the reader to whom every page in the Bible, or every scene in Shakespeare, is familiar, becomes a very efficient commentator upon either. There were days at Oxford—at least so says university tradition—when aspirants for the highest honours in the classical schools were allowed to give in to the examiners of the day what was called a "blank list;" that is, instead of naming the few particular books which

they professed to have prepared for examination, they submitted themselves to be tested in the works of any Greek or Latin author of the Augustan age commonly read in the schools. Such a negative list savoured a little of presumption: and one can easily understand that it would not be encouraged by most examiners; but the fact—or even the tradition—of its ever having been adopted, points to a time when the range of classical reading, at least among the few, must have been much wider than now. Possibly, at a still earlier date in academic annals, when the lecturer used to "read" an author with his pupils—himself translating for them, as a rule, and commenting on the text as he went on—a larger amount of ground was covered, though with less accuracy than now. What too many of us feel is, that our knowledge of this ancient literature, considering the many years spent upon it, is insufficient in its area, and that very much of it, after all, is known to us only by name.

It was not entirely a jest, perhaps, which assured the young candidate that it was worth all the trouble of having learnt Spanish, to be able to read "Don Quixote" in the original. Certainly he loses something in literature who has never made acquaintance with Aristophanes in the Greek. He can read some few of his comedies in Walsh's very clever though very loose translation (why did it stop at the first volume?) or in Mitchell's scholarlike selections; or, best of all, as to spirit and general readableness, the student who is innocent of Greek may turn to John Hookham Frere's "Knights," "Acharnians," "Frogs," and "Birds"—versions which were long so scarce, having been privately printed, as to be almost unknown to the general public, but now happily made accessible. But in all these clever paraphrases, or in any possible English dress, the subtle Athenian wit more or less evaporates. He, Aristophanes, will remain always untranslatable. He was a delight to me at Oxford; he is a delight to me now. I have just put Bothe's edition of him into a new dress, which the abominable German paper very ill deserves; but there is no more satisfactory edition to be had: for, in spite of all Dr. Dibdin's commendation, no one can read him in any comfort in Kuster's folios, "magnificent" as they undoubtedly are. A pretty handy edition, with or without notes, would do credit to the Clarendon press. His comedies are the only things that make Athenian politics and

Athenian life intelligible to me. He sets us down at once into the middle of it all, and you begin to comprehend the nature of the great "Demus"—the Athenian "people"—whom he so daringly personates as a good-natured, sensual, selfish, gullible creature, open to all tricks of the tongue, and appeals to his good and evil passions, that can be brought to bear upon him by the cunning demagogues of the hour. The most amusing point in it all is to think that this very Athenian people bore all this from their favourite dramatist, and applauded it: acknowledged, we must conclude, at once the justice of the picture and the cleverness with which it was drawn; screamed for the author, as our audiences do now, and crowned him triumphant over all his rivals. The only kind of parallel to it would be the members of the Gladstone-Lowe-Ayrton administration going to see the performance of "Happy Land," and conferring a baronetcy or a bishopric on the writer. If an English Aristophanes were to arise, and so caricature the masses, who we are told are to be our masters—the British "Demus" of the future—one wonders how far the perceptions of the audience would be keen enough to take in the joke, and how far the proverbial good-nature of an English mob would endure it. When our masses have been educated up to the mark, there may possibly rise an Aristophanes to temper their despotism.

Aristophanes brings to my mind a little volume whose proper *habitat* is in quite another division of my book-shelves, but which has both a biographical and a bibliographical connection with it. In the days when I first made acquaintance with the prince of burlesque writers, it was my whim also to collect the humorous or satiric *jeux d'esprit* which from time to time were launched into print by the young wits of the university—or were occasionally attributed by rumour to pens which were ordinarily supposed to be more gravely occupied. The collection has received some additions from time to time, and if it were more complete, might form a rather curious volume. Amongst its contents are several poems by "eminent hands," as the old booksellers used to phrase it: and some which will perhaps never be found acknowledged in any future collection of their works. Mr. Robert Lowe has probably all but forgotten the Wars of the Union, which he once celebrated in macaronic verse; and more than one future dignitary of the Church—unless Oxford gossip gave them credit for

having more fun in them than they really had—made his first essay in print in very different shape from a sermon. Perhaps the very best among them all is the admirable imitation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, by the late lamented Dean Mansel. Of course it was published anonymously, though he was then only prælector of logic; but the authorship was always well known, and it has now been included amongst his acknowledged works. "I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy"—and none the less a brilliant scholar and a sound divine.

The "Phrontisterion" (the "Thinking-Shop") is a sharp satire on the educational reforms contemplated by the University Commission of 1850. The humour appealed to a somewhat limited audience, because it assumed a familiarity with Aristophanes's comedy, in which he broadly ridiculed the sophists of his own day, as the Oxford satirist does the German professors whom the commission proposes to introduce in place of the orthodox college tutors. Some of the fun has lost its raciness with the lapse of years, as must be the case with all political satire; but the lines in which the "Model Manchester man," Cottonarchalicoocraticus, laments the result of his ill-assorted marriage with his aristocratic wife, the issue of which has been "little Johnny," retain much of their point to this day. It is a close parody on the opening scene of the "Clouds."

Plague take the matchmaker who brought together

The fine Whig lady, Aristocracy,
And honest Homespun from the cotton-mill,—
A well-assorted couple! Madam, full
Of old historic memories, and prating
Of Sidney, Russell, William the Deliverer,
And Brunswick line, and Protestant suc-
cession;

And plain rough Hubby, thinking monarchy
A rather costly article, and spouting
Of Household Suffrage, Ballot, and Retrench-
ment.

The fine old English gentleman cut down
To a plain travelling gent, and martial scarlet
Doffed for the drab and broad-brim. Well—
we married;

In time our John was born. Mamma's rela-
tions

Petted and coaxed him. "Some day we shall
see

Our darling Johnny drive his coachy-poachy
With four blood *Greys* in front." Says I,
"My lad,

I'd rather see you riding Dick, our *Cob*,
Or arm-in-arm with worthy Quaker Broad-
brim

And Joey Skinflint." Not a whit would he.

The Great Whig Families (ay, that's the doctrine,
He sucked it with his mother's milk, and bit it
Letter by letter in his gingerbread)
Are heaven-sent ministers to rule the country.

The "Hymn to the Infinite," again, sung by the "Full Chorus of Professors," is an equally good imitation of the song of the clouds in the Greek comedy.

The voice of yore
Which the breezes bore
Wailing aloud from Paxo's shore
Is changed to a gladder and livelier strain,
For great god Pan is alive again,
He lives and he reigns once more.
With deep intuition and mystic rite
We worship the Absolute-Infinite,
The Universe-Ego, the Plenary-Void,
The Subject-Object identified,
The Great Nothing-Something, the Being-Thought,
That mouldeth the mass of Chaotic-Nought,
Whose beginning unended and end unbegun,
Is the One that is All and the All that is One.

That University Commission was productive (like the Puritan "Root and Branch" Commission in 1648) of a good many satirical *brochures*, more or less amusing. There is one other, I see, bound up in the little volume before us — reputed to be from the pen of an Oxford tutor of great but unsuccessful ability. It is "Lord John Russell's Post-bag" — an imaginary bundle of intercepted correspondence between the commissioners of 1850 and their friends and supporters within the university. The best paper in it, perhaps, is a translation supposed to be made by a college undergraduate from a lost book of Herodotus. It contains an account of the Bosporii and their wars with their enemies, led on by "Bedforddion" — John the son of Bedford. The imitation of the old historian's style is quite admirable in its way. These Bosporii, we are told, were a tribe of the Britanni, long governed by a tyrant called "Ebdomadalis" (the old Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the heads of houses). "Whether indeed now he was one man or many, I here not say clearly" — says the author. There was a league made to expel them from their seat by a number of hostile tribes — "the Ouseleians, sometimes called Methodistæ," "the Autonomi or Independents," "the Tremontes or Quakers," and others, — who "did not hold the same sacred things as" the Magi, the great sacred nation to which the Bosporii belonged. They succeeded in their campaign through the selfish policy of Ebdomadalis and the powerful aid of Bedforddion,

whom they promised to make their king if they succeeded. Some of the peculiar habits of the Bosporii are humorously touched upon, in Herodotean phraseology.

Now the Bosporii have established many customs the opposite compared with those of other men. For other Britannics have put round caps upon their heads, but the Bosporii bear square caps. And the other Britannics are clad in short coats, but the Bosporii love to cover themselves with long cloaks woven in a barbarian fashion not easy to be described. And other Britannics eat in private or with their families, but these use Syssities, just as the Laudemonians. And to others it is allowed to marry wives, but the Bosporii are not allowed to marry wives. And other men, when they make laws, first take council, and then they make the laws; but the Bosporii first make laws, and afterwards, if any dreadful thing has happened, then they take counsel.

This is by no means an unfair hit at the process of Oxford legislation in the days of the Hebdomadal Board, and is not wholly inapplicable even to the reformed administration. Then some of the habits and customs of the young men among these Bosporii are also touched in the true Herodotean vein; as, for instance, that many, they say, "spend their time in summer lying in flat-bottomed boats by the side of the river, drinking wine made of barley, and sending out of their mouths smoke — to me indeed saying things incredible. But I," continues the old historian, "having seen the customs of many nations, know that the younger men are often foolish, and their breasts senseless." If some one who has the time to spare, and a taste for that kind of rummaging, would collect and annotate these fugitive pamphlets, to which every great crisis in the fortunes of Oxford gave birth, he would make at least a very amusing history of the university.

One Greek volume there is among my old college working companions, upon which, as is plain from the crowded manuscript notes and illustrations (of indeterminate value), I spent a good deal of time which I cannot help feeling was wasted. It is the Rhetoric of Aristotle. Why, oh why, grave and reverend seniors who had the charge of my academical education, did you insist upon that special treatise of the Greek philosopher? "The faculty of understanding the means of persuasion on any subject," he calls it. Very ingenious, no doubt; but so artificial as scarcely to commend itself to any but an Athenian

taste. The Oxford authorities have grown wiser now, and the Rhetoric is superseded. Not but there are some wonderfully good things in it; for example, those chapters in the second book on the characteristics of young men and old. "Aristotle," as Fielding says in "Amelia," "was by no means so great a fool as many people think who never read him." But these are by the way, and have more to do with the study of human character, in which the Stagyrte was such a consummate master, than with the art of the rhetorician.

But the whole arrangement of what might be called the moral-philosophy school of our day at Oxford seemed framed upon a perverse idea. We had to read the works of the pupil, without any definite acquaintance with the works of the master being required from us. We worked hard at Aristotle — Ethics, Rhetoric, and it might be Poetics; but it was quite a chance whether any of us had read more than two or three dialogues of Plato. Certain tenets of his, and some special passages in his works, which Aristotle distinctly referred to or contradicted, we had to make acquaintance with: but the "Republic" was never used as a regular textbook, and men left Oxford who had been awarded its highest honours without knowing anything, except from scattered passages and at second hand, of one of the greatest works of one of the greatest minds of antiquity. For such it is, with all its defects: the Utopia of all Utopias, the most impracticable that even a philosopher ever conceived, but full of immortal truths and thoughts of the deepest significance.

I do not believe that any one who has a competent knowledge of Greek — and there is no reason to be ashamed of an occasional reference to a lexicon — would regret a few evenings spent in his study chair with Plato's "Republic," Aristophanes's comedies, and the dialogues of Lucian. Speaking as one who made acquaintance with the first and last long after what may be called one's natural Greek-and-Latin days were over, I venture to think that the speculations of the first would be found as interesting, and the humour of the two last as amusing, as very much which passes for original thought and original humour at the present day. The very difficulties of language, which most of us whose scholarship is somewhat rusty would find here and there to overcome, ought rather to give a zest to the work in the estimation of those whose national boast — or rather unboastful characteris-

tic — it is to do many things merely because they are difficult. There ought to be something of the same feeling in mastering a few pages of Plato, as compared with running over three volumes of a novel, as there is in a hard climb over a mountain pass, instead of strolling for a whole afternoon on the esplanade at Brighton. Men of mature age will take a pleasure in working out difficult mathematical and mechanical problems; and there is no special or sufficient reason why similar interest should not be more often felt in unlocking for ourselves some of the literary treasures of antiquity.

Something too much, my patient or impatient reader thinks, of the classics? Let us put Plato back upon his shelf, and have done with him. I have no turn for our English philosophers: they are more puzzling to me, and not nearly so amusing. It is respectable to have them amongst one's books, of course; it gives a learned air to one's surroundings, far more than the Greek and Latin volumes, which a good many visitors glance at with a good-humoured half-contempt, as for the things of their childhood — which they used to know all about, of course, long ago, but have forgotten — like tops, and hoops, and marbles. But a goodly row which bears the names of Hamilton, and Mill, and Buckle (he has no business in such company, but let me say specially Buckle, for effect) will stamp you at once as a person of considerable brains — a man who "reads a good deal." So there stand my credentials in that way; in very neat order too, you observe — not a volume out of place, nor a leaf out of shape. "*Mihi et amicis*" — wrote some benevolent man over his library — "Mine and my friends':" and he probably had to replace a good many volumes from time to time by reason of his friends interpreting too literally. Well, these authors are there for my friends — whenever they like to read them. I do not mean to disparage their tastes in any way. On this point the lover of literature contrasts favourably, for the most part, with the man of science; he is not so wedded to his own peculiar "ology," and has more sympathy with varieties of study. I will not quarrel with their profounder studies, if they will bear with my preference of the more useless walks of literature, the books which, as a mathematician would say, "prove nothing."

The poetical creed of my youth was something like what Byron lays down: —

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge,
Southey.

(Poor Byron was considered very profane for the wording of it: the parody is not to be defended, albeit the jest shows like innocence itself by the side of our cool modern scepticism.) I have seen no sufficient reason to change this creed to any great extent, and the taste of the present generation seems reverting very much to the old standards. It may be said that not very many people now read Dryden or Pope: but surely fewer still read Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Southey. The last, after a brief and forced popularity, is now as little remembered as Young, and less than Cowper. Of Coleridge — unquestionably a poet — who knows much except "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," and the ballad of "Genevieve"? As to Wordsworth, opinions always were and always will be divided. It used to be considered (in the days of which I am speaking) rather the proper thing to admire him. It was supposed to indicate that one had finer perceptions of the beautiful than one's neighbours; that one could appreciate subtle excellences to which ruder tastes were insensible. The young men, however, who liked his poetry were not reckoned by us heathens and unbelievers as quite so good at a speech in Thucydides or a tough bit in the Ethics. We of the school of Pope derided them, vehemently and unfairly. Wordsworth's style, in his ballads especially, lends itself only too easily to parody: and we were never tired of reciting in their ears the immortal ballad in the "Rejected Addresses" —

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I am eight on New-Year's Day;

supported occasionally by original attempts of our own, in the same very tempting line. Such poems as "Peter Bell" were also found to be admirably adapted for reading aloud — in a style which their author never contemplated; while the sonorous lines of Pope were not so easily handled by our adversaries in the way of retaliation. But what makes it most of all doubtful whether the admiration of Wordsworth as a poet is real and abiding, or whether it is not rather (like some other professions of faith) maintained because it sounds respectable, is this: that his worshippers are always calling upon us to remember what an amiable man he was, and what a sincere Christian. No doubt he was; and if he had been a candidate for a bishopric, such testimonials would be very

much to the purpose; but the one thing required from a poet is poetry, and no amount of amiability or devotion will produce that, if the special faculty be wanting. Is Wordsworth remembered as well as read? Do his verses hang on the ear and haunt the memory as Pope's and Byron's did in their own day, and do still? If not, in spite of all the appreciative criticism of a few — even though we must grant their judgment to have weight — he is no national poet. "Fit audience though few" is what the poet, of all men, cannot be content with. Great authorities have said, not without truth, that Lucretius is grander than Virgil, and that Lucan's poem is almost as fine. But it is of no use. Virgil was, and is, and will be the favourite poet, and no criticism will ever depose him from his rank. There are not wanting signs that the tide of public taste is slowly ebbing back towards its favourites of fifty years ago; if we live long enough, we may find ourselves in the fashion yet, as our daughters are in the costume of their grandmothers.

We are in the habit now of laughing a good deal at university prize-poems, — a "very stupid habit," as no less an authority than Christopher North has remarked. Their public recitation has of late been chiefly remarkable as an opportunity for a running commentary of undergraduate chaff, to the delight of those fast young ladies who come up as "lionesses" to Commemoration, and think that all human life, including the public recognition of honours by the noblest university in the world, is nothing if not amusing. It may be safely confessed that a good many of these modern prize-poems are but poor stuff — we cannot expect to grow a young poet every year in Oxford. But will any of my cynical friends do me the favour of looking over with me, for a few minutes, this little volume of the earlier "Oxford Prize-Poems"? The undergraduates and their fair friends of those days were not ashamed to applaud them even rapturously, so that the "Newdigate" became an object of perhaps even disproportionate ambition to the susceptible student, who saw more than fame in the upturned faces and too flattering admiration of that brilliant audience. I pass over Reginald Heber's "Palestine," when the whole Sheldonian theatre, we are told, rang with plaudits from old and young, and even the more eloquent tribute of silent tears was in not a few cases given to the young reciter, due possibly, in some degree, to that charm of manner and intonation which was

so remarkable in the bishop's after-life. Such a recitation would probably be now received with a running fire of facetious commentary—especially in the pathetic passages—young Oxford's new mode of displaying its sympathy with rising genius. "Singular result of a liberal education, sir"—was the remark actually made by an Oxford hairdresser to one of the university authorities, upon whom he was exercising his craft on the morning after a noisy Commemoration—a cynical criticism above the usual mark of barbers, and to which the worthy dignitary declared he found it very difficult to reply. Let "Palestine" stand aside, not only because Heber is admitted to have been a poet, but because his poem is, in my opinion, somewhat overrated, and by no means the best. But take "The Belvidere Apollo," by Henry Milman, afterwards dean of St. Paul's: or "The Temple of Vesta at Tivoli," by Richard Sewell of Magdalen. Compare them with some of their recent successors—it will be unfair to the writers to individualize them—whose taste has been formed in a different school, and say honestly whether the influence of Pope and Dryden did not call forth at least as much poetic fire, and produce a far higher style of academic exercise—to say the least of it—than we find in these later productions. These fugitive pieces, which had such a triumph in their day, are now so little known that it may be worth while to give a specimen of what some prize-poems were. Milman's may of course be found amongst his works; but who turns for poetry to a volume of prize-poems, whose very name bespeaks a forced and ephemeral production? The Pharaohs of modern literature knew not these Josephs. Few passages in English descriptive poetry are finer than the lines in which Milman describes that marvellous work of the Ephesian sculptor, the Apollo of the Belvidere gallery, and the pathetic story recorded by Dr. Pinel of the poor French girl who reversed the story of Pygmalion, and died of a hopeless passion for the beautiful archer-god*—

For mild he seemed, as in Elysium bowers
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours:
Haughty as bards have sung, with princely
 sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of
 day:

* "A dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision." ("Childe Harold.")
Did Byron know the story?

Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove—
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.
Yet on that form, in wild delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the maid of
 France:

Day after day, the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought of solitude:
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she stood, and thought the marble
 smiled;

Oft, breathless listening, heard or seemed to
 hear

A voice of music melt upon her ear.

Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless
 grown,

Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to
 stone.

More beautiful still is Sewell's "Temple of Vesta." The impression which it made on the Oxford of his day was something which would now probably be quite unintelligible. One of the most intellectual of our late bishops—a man of keen judgment and wide acquaintance with English literature—was so charmed with it that he could repeat it from beginning to end.

The dark pine waves o'er Tiber's classic steep,
From rock to rock the headlong waters leap,
Tossing their foam on high, till leaf and
 flower

Glitter like emeralds in the sparkling shower:
Lovely—but lovelier from the charms that
 glow

Where Latium spreads her purple vales below:
The olive smiling on the sunny hill,
The golden orchard, and the ductile rill; *
And, far as eye can strain, yon shadowy dome,
The glory of the earth—Eternal Rome.

And lo! where still ten circling columns rise
High o'er the arching spray's prismatic dyes,
Touched but not marred,—as time had paused
 to spare

The wreaths that bloom in lingering beauty
 there:

E'en where each prostrate wreck might seem
 to mourn

Her rifted shaft, her loved acanthus torn,
Nature's wild flowers in silent sorrow wave
Their votive sweets o'er art's neglected grave.

But ye, who sleep the calm and dreamless
 sleep

Where joy forgets to smile and woe to weep,—
For you, fair maids, a long and last repose
Has stilled each pulse that throbs, each vein
 that glows;

For oft, too oft, the white and spotless vest
Concealed a bleeding heart, an aching breast;
Hope, that with cold Despair held feeble
 strife,

And Love that parted but with parting life;

* "Uda mobilibus pomaria rivis."—HOR.

Still would the cheek with human passion
burn,
Still would the heart to fond remembrance
turn,
Vow all itself to heaven, yet vow in vain,
Sigh for its thoughts, yet sigh to think again.

There is a melancholy pleasure in thus disinterring this perhaps solitary relic of a lost genius. It is sad to think that clouds so soon obscured the early promise of one who could write like this; for we have here, if not the certain indications of a future poet, at least all the graceful diction and cultured taste which bespeak no ordinary mind.

His saltem accumulem donis.

Both Milman's and Sewell's poems were written, it must be remembered, under the uncomfortable limitation to fifty lines, which was then one of the conditions of Sir Roger Newdigate's prize.

From Temple Bar.

HER DEAREST FOE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUNDAY was not yet over. It had been a very long day to Sir Hugh Galbraith. Some of it he had disposed of indifferently, by trying how he could drive without the whip-hand, and, accompanied by his groom, had gone nearly over to Stoneborough, and now he had once more taken his post of observation in the window. The day had been beautiful throughout, and the sun had nearly accomplished his daily task, so far as Pierstoffs was concerned. The church-bells had not yet rung out. All was quiet — the inhabitants were at tea — and Galbraith's reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Mills bearing a tray with a huge cup, a tiny cream ewer, and a plate of thin brown bread and butter, such as Sir Hugh loved.

"It's a thought early," she said, setting down these good things on a small table beside him. "But maybe you won't mind, because it's the girl's Sunday out; and as my missus is having her tea, I thought I would get it all over before I dressed."

Galbraith nodded a reluctant assent, and Mrs. Mills departed. So everything must give way to Tom — even a good solvent tenant like himself. Tom, he supposed, wanted an evening walk, and he, Sir Hugh, must have his tea forced down his throat an hour too soon. He wondered if Tom was to have a *tête-à-tête* walk

as well as a *tête-à-tête* conversation. He would have a look as they went out. If that nice little Fanny was excluded from the walk as well as the talk, he must conclude that Tom — confound him! — was the widow's lover, and poor Fanny was an ill-used girl. For he had never seen startled delight if he had not read it in Fanny's eyes when she heard that fellow's voice the evening before. And a dim sort of feeling rippled over his heart or brain — or whatever thinks — like the momentary crisping of water by a sudden breeze, that it would be very delightful to see any face brighten thus for him — brighten honestly, naturally, even a plain face; but how gloriously would such eyes as Mrs. Temple's light up! Strange, that the grandest, the most striking expression he had ever read in them was defiance, almost detestation, and it always suggested the idea of how they would speak a different and opposite passion. However, the tea was very refreshing after his drive, and the bread and butter not unacceptable. By the time both were finished, Galbraith heard voices beneath, and looking out, beheld the two friends, escorted by Tom, sally forth — Mrs. Temple, as usual, in black, with a white shawl over her arm.

"The three of them, by Jove!" murmured Galbraith to himself. "I never expected that." He watched them to the division of the main street into the high-road to Stoneborough and that leading to the North Parade. Here they paused and seemed to talk awhile; then Fanny and Tom went to the left along the high-road, and Mrs. Temple took the more direct line to the right, as if intending to stroll along the Parade.

So far as Galbraith knew her stroll would be limited. He was not aware of any outlet beyond the gravel sweep whereon the dowager barouches and invalid chairs — which in the season moved slowly to and fro along the sea-front — turned, and came back again. He watched assiduously for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes; still no sign of the figure he looked for. A genial glow began to replace the dull, irritated, injured sensation which oppressed Galbraith all day. Perhaps she was sitting down with a book! At the thought, he caught up his hat and was off, with long, swift steps, to test the truth of his conjecture.

But the few seats on the esplanade were all untenanted. No one, save a few of those inveterate loungers, the fishermen, was about. Where had that puzzling landlady of his vanished? Reaching the

far end of the esplanade, where a rough sort of breastwork, formed of pieces of rock, stones, clay, and supporting timbers, had been piled up against the sea, he looked round carefully, and perceived the pathway which Mrs. Temple had discovered about a year before.

She must have followed this track, unless indeed she had gone in to pay a visit to one of the shuttered, blank-looking; North Parade houses. This was highly improbable; so Galbraith pressed on rapidly, with eagerness and exhilaration—his pulses beating fast, somewhat to his own surprise.

Meantime Mrs. Temple—as she must be called in this portion of the story—strolled on leisurely, glad to be alone, that she might examine and reason away a certain feeling of depression and distress that had been fretting her spirit since her talk with Tom. She had shared in the cheerful pleasantries of their midday dinner; she had played her part of hostess as brightly, as cordially as ever; but under all there was the unrest—the fear of an unavoidable and painful change.

The silence and beauty around calmed her perturbed thoughts—calmed, but did not cheer. The deeper chords of her nature vibrated to the mute language of sea and sky and rock, and resolute endurance rather than cheerful resignation seemed the key-note to which she would tune her spirit.

She reached the little jetty before described, and, walking to the end, seated herself upon the bench. It was evident that she must not count on Fanny's companionship much longer, and how would it be then? Could she face the terrible isolation of the life she had adopted? Worse than isolation, the company without companionship of an assistant of the ordinary shop-woman type?

For the first time Kate regretted her choice of an occupation, and with all her liberal tendencies, felt the impassable nature of the gulf fixed between the habits, thoughts, and manners of the class she had quitted and that which she had adopted.

"It will be less and less as education and common sense spread up and down; but at present it is harder to bear than I expected. Is it quite fair of Tom, when he knew that I undertook this business as much on Fanny's account as my own, to take her from me so soon? Pooh! how self-blinds one. Of course Fanny is his first consideration, and it is far better for her to be his wife than my assistant.

Dear Fan! I trust in heaven he will be good to her; but matrimony is a fearful trial, and does not want a third in the house to increase its dangers. No! come what may, I will not desert the course I have marked for myself until I have either succeeded in upsetting the will or given up all hope, or find the Berlin Bazaar will not pay; but when Fanny leaves and I am much alone, I will try if I can write, as Tom suggested. I have plenty of time before me, and I must not allow myself to be a coward; but the loneliness—ah!" Gazing out over the sea she let her thoughts drift freely, vaguely, to the past, its tenderness, its high hopes, its bright anticipations, the long, dutiful suppression of her married existence, her glimpse of life and liberty, her cruel reverse. The soft, solemn loveliness of the evening disposed her to think compassionately even of herself.

The sun had sunk behind the cliffs, but the slowly fading light was still reflected on the sky opposite. Towards the horizon "the raven down of darkness" was gathering, but above it lighter and lighter shades of grey prevailed up to a pale ashen hue, flecked with rosy cloudlets, varying from ruby to faint opal or mother-of-pearl tints of exquisite delicacy. The sea was still and smooth; the breeze of the morning had died away, and the giant slept,—only the soft lulling lap of tiny ripples against the huge wet black stones which lay round the timbers of the little jetty broke the silence. The very air was full of speechless feeling—soft, quiet, and yet not without the chillness of early spring—a certain cold which seemed an expression of sadness. Kate opened her shawl, and wrapping it round her, leaned her clasped hands on the rail which defended her resting-place, while she looked forth with keenest appreciation on sea and sky. "To bear is to conquer our fate," she thought; "rather a heroic quotation *à propos* of a Berlin-wool shop. Ah! how different all things might have been had Mr. Travers not been separated from his cousin. If Hugh Galbraith—"

At this point in her reflections she was almost startled into a scream by a voice beside her. "Good-evening, Mrs. Temple."

"I thought this haunt was only known to myself, the coastguard, and the seagulls," she replied, turning to face the man she had just thought of, and in her surprise speaking more hurriedly than usual. "How did you find it out?"

"By accident," said Galbraith shortly,

but he smiled upon her as he spoke — smiled. Yes; his sombre, stern, and usually inexpressive eyes dwelt upon her smilingly, tenderly. She did not know the effect her natural impulsive address, the quick, flitting blush, the welcoming smile into which she had been startled wrought upon the enemy; but she had never spoken quite like this to him before, and Galbraith for a moment forgot there was any world beyond the few feet of planking on which they stood, and the stretch of sea and sky before them.

"What a lovely evening!" he said, not finding any more original remark after a short pause, and sitting down beside her. "This is a pretty nook—do you often come here?"

"Not often. I cannot, you know."

"Of course."

"In summer it is always my holiday excursion. In winter I can never manage it, and the path is not very safe in rough weather."

"The cliffs are rather fine along here," resumed Galbraith, "but they are nothing to the cliffs near Kirby Grange. My place, or rather my ruin—it's not much more," for Kate had looked up at him inquiringly. He went on. "Great black beetling cliffs with jagged reefs running out to sea, and lots of sea-birds clanging about. I used to climb the crags to get the nests. I was a tolerable cragsman in those days. I don't think I should like to try it now."

"I do not like the terrific in nature," said Kate, drawing her shawl closer, the rounded, graceful outlines of her supple figure showing through the thin, soft folds. "It makes me think of despair and defeat, and horrors of that kind."

"Yet I fancy you are very plucky for a woman, Mrs. Temple."

"I cannot tell. I have not been much tried, and certainly peace and rest seem to me the greatest good in life."

There was something weary, almost sad, in her voice, and Galbraith was conscious of a very strong desire to take the little hands which were holding her shawl in his and ask if there was anything in the world he could do for her, but he only said, "To a certain extent, but peace soon becomes stagnation."

A pause. Mrs. Temple was not displeased to see Galbraith. It amused her, and gave a lighter tone to her thoughts.

"Have you visited your native place since you have returned from India?" she asked at last, the silence growing awk-

ward, especially as Galbraith had a stupid fashion of staring.

"No; I want to go there, and yet I dread it."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because—you will, perhaps, laugh at me—I have scarcely an acre of the old lands left; and I can't stand seeing another lording it over what ought to be mine."

"Laugh! No, I should be the last to laugh. I would stake my existence on a struggle to get back my own."

And she looked full into Galbraith's eyes.

"And you would be no mean antagonist, I fancy," said he, returning her gaze with an earnestness from which she did not shrink. "I wonder, Mrs. Temple, if you and I ever met before in some different state of existence? for I sometimes think you look upon me as an enemy."

"Me! What an extraordinary idea!" exclaimed Kate, laughing, but colouring too—a glow that mounted quickly, and, then fading, left her cheek to its ordinary rich paleness.

"Yes. There was something in your eyes when first they met mine I shall never forget. Had you been a man I should have snatched up some weapon to defend myself."

"Pooh! nonsense!" she returned, again laughing; but there was a curious sound of suppressed pleasure in the low, soft laugh. "I had been vexed in my business. Some one had tried to cheat me, perhaps; or I doubted your solvency, and imagined I had a bad bargain in my drawing-room apartments."

There was a subtle tone of mockery in the last words, a curl of the ripe red lip suggestive of playful scorn.

"I do not pretend to guess the reason; I only know the effect," returned Galbraith, and there was a pause longer than the last, for Kate's eyes had fixed themselves on the distant horizon unconsciously, as she reflected on the strange eddy of fortune which had made Sir Hugh Galbraith her companion in this remote corner, while he availed himself of her averted gaze to drink in greedily the charm of the frank, fair face before him, its sweet, firm mouth and soft pale cheek, the large eyes so still and deep when she was silent, so changeful and expressive when she spoke or listened; the broad but not high forehead; the delicate yet distinctly marked brow; the look, as if no mean thought, no low motive could lurk in a brain so nobly lodged.

Galbraith had hitherto considered himself, and had been considered, a cold immovable kind of fellow, but he was conscious that these characteristics were fast melting away; there was something in his companion's beauty and bearing which exercised a magic effect upon his half-developed nature, as certain chemical ingredients, at the approach of that which attracts, or contains the complement of their being, rush forth to blend with what has called them to life. The deep calm, the solitude, the tender beauty of sea and sky, the unusual tinge of familiarity in Mrs. Temple's manner, lapped him into a kind of Elysium such as he had never before known. As yet, he could enjoy the first warm breath of the coming sirocco, before the fever and thirst were upon him.

"What a relief it must be to you to come here from the shop," exclaimed Galbraith abruptly, fearing that if the silence continued Mrs. Temple might get up and walk away.

"It is, indeed," she returned frankly.

"Then you don't like your work?"

"I do not dislike it," said Kate, falling unconsciously into a semi-confidential strain. "I would rather earn my bread as a high-class artist, or writer; but as nature has not made me of suitable stuff, I must do what I can. I do not fancy the restraint of teaching, or keeping a school."

"Still, such a position must be very unpleasant to you; for I never will believe you were originally intended for it."

"Oh, as to that, you may conjecture what you like, Sir Hugh; but I have told you there is no romance about me or my position," said she, turning her eyes, which laughed sunnily, upon him.

"I daresay you will think I am a presumptuous fellow," returned Galbraith, leaning towards her, resting the elbow of his sound arm on his knee, and his cheek on his hand; "but I am always conjecturing about you. You are a constant mystery to me, and I am determined to solve it!"

The earnest, uncomplimentary manner in which Galbraith uttered these words took from them all appearance of love-making. Nevertheless, they sent a strange gust of triumph along Kate's nerves; her contemptuous enemy was growing interested in her. He acknowledged her superiority.

"The presumption consists in telling me so," she said, still meeting his eyes with an arch smile. "I cannot help your thoughts; only they must sorely want legitimate employment when you waste

them on — your landlady;" there was a slight pause before she uttered the last words with provoking emphasis, which she could not restrain; there is such a charm in feeling oneself charming.

Sir Hugh raised his head quickly, as if about to speak, and then stopped.

"But in a few days you will be away, among your natural occupations and associates — the mystery you have created for yourself will cease to interest or annoy," she continued.

"I hope it will," returned Galbraith bluntly; "I hope it will — but," again resting his cheek on his hand, and looking up into her eyes, "am I to take what you say as a notice to quit?"

"A Sunday notice is not a legal warning — so I was informed when I inquired into the laws affecting landlord and tenant, previous to letting lodgings," said Kate demurely.

"But do you wish me to leave?"

"No, not before you are quite fit to move. But of course it is absurd to suppose you will remain beyond a week or so! Your kinsfolk and acquaintance would think you daft if you stayed on here without any adequate inducement, and justly."

Sir Hugh's brow lowered, and he twisted his moustaches thoughtfully. "I suppose," he said, "a fellow may please himself in spite of his kinsfolk and acquaintance — mine troubled me deuced little in former days! Do *you* wish me to go?"

"Wish to lose a good tenant! Certainly not," she replied with a smile — an irrepressible smile. "But I ought to tell you that, after the middle of April, I wish to have my rooms ready for a tenant of last year, who made me promise to take him in if he wanted to come."

"Oh!" — a very dissatisfied oh! "I must march, then!"

He was more mortified than he liked to acknowledge; this woman, the hem of whose garment he could have taken up and kissed, so much had he lost his common sense, deliberately told him that he was to her a mere every-day tenant, and no more. But it was better so; otherwise he, Galbraith, might make such an ass of himself that he could never get into the lion's skin again.

"But it will be dark if I stay any longer," said Mrs. Temple, rising, "and the path here is not too safe."

"Don't go!" cried Galbraith, almost vehemently, "there will be an hour of daylight yet, and when shall we have such an evening again? I mean when shall I have such an evening, if I am to get the route

next week? I beg your pardon!" seeing the look of wonder in his companion's eyes at the sort of despairing entreaty in his voice. "I fancy I must have grown whimsical and—and unlike myself, after my long imprisonment. I do not think I am much of a sentimentalist, but I was always fond of evening and the sea—and all that sort of thing, even when I was a boy." This was said with a kind of burst, as if it came in spite of himself, and he was rather ashamed.

"And do you despise yourself for loving such beauty as this?" returned Kate, with a slight gesture of her hand towards the sea. "How strange the effect of a man's life must be when all that *we* are taught to admire and take pleasure in is despised by them. No wonder there is so little true friendship between men and women!"

"I don't despise myself for loving beauty in any shape," said Galbraith, as he traced an imaginary pattern with his stick on the boards of the landing-place, "but I can't talk poetically about it. I should make an ass of myself if I tried!"

"If you have the feeling it will out! How do you know you are not a mute inglorious Milton? How do you know that you have experienced the whole circle of feeling?"

A grim smile, not devoid of humour, lit up his face. "I think you have made a capital random shot!" he said.

"Then did you never read any poetry?"

"N—not much. I have heard some read."

"Do you read novels?"

"No."

"Do you ever read anything?"

"Yes, Mrs. Temple!" laughing good-humouredly. "I have read a good deal on professional subjects, and history, and politics. Come, does that redeem me a little from the general ruck of block-heads?"

"A little—yes," she said thoughtfully. "But do you not care for the living spirit that animates these dry bones—the skeleton frame of facts? Do you not enjoy the genius which, out of the clay of everyday events, the mere matter of action, moulds exquisite forms, and breathes into them the breath of life? and more—that touches the sleeping God within us? or gives the dull sullen prisoner in the body's cage a glimpse of light and liberty?"

"Go on!" said Galbraith in a low voice. "I am not sure that I take it all in, but I like to listen."

"I daresay you laugh at my outburst!

and I am not going to talk for your amusement," replied Kate, smiling. "Now, Sir Hugh, do not let me curtail your enjoyment of this delicious evening, but I am going home?"

"And so am I," said he rising, "for at present your home is mine."

His pertinacity and unusual sympathetic frankness amused and interested her, yet it would not do to meet all Pierstoffs as it returned from church accompanied by a baronet; for the present she let him go on, however. He was assiduous in his attempts to draw her back to the enthusiastic strain, which gave so much animation to her eyes and mobile lips, but in vain. The effort, nevertheless, made Galbraith talk unusually well, and before they had accomplished the distance between the coastguard station and the town, he had risen a degree or two in her opinion. Hitherto her estimate of his intellectual powers was by no means exalted; she had told Tom Reed that he gave her the idea of a stupid, obstinate man, whose education had been neglected.

That he was well bred, though no drawing-room gentleman, she could not deny, and on the present occasion there was more than politeness in the excessive care with which he watched every opportunity offered by the slight difficulties of the path, to assist or guard her. "Had he been in England when I married, and seen and known everything, he would have been more just to me, perhaps! and all this mischief might have been avoided," she thought. "But no; he is a man of such strong prejudices, that I daresay if I were to tell him who I am now, his friendliness would stiffen into stern contempt. To him I shall always be an adventuress. Well, his opinion is nothing to me." Such were the ideas floating through her mind as she listened, with soft attentive eyes, to her unsuspecting companion's exposition of his views as to the best method of managing the natives of India, with which it is needless to say she entirely disagreed. But they were too near the town to permit of argument. Mrs. Temple stopped short, and said, "Be so good, Sir Hugh, as to walk on, and leave me to return alone. All Pierstoffs would be horrified at the incongruity of a baronet escorting the proprietress of a fancy bazaar." She smiled brightly, sweetly, and Galbraith almost permitted the words, "D—Pierstoffs," which rose naturally to his lips, to escape; but he changed them to "What bosh!"

"No, it is not bosh," said Mrs. Temple. "It is only consistent with your own conservative principles."

"I do not like to leave you alone in the dusk."

"Nevertheless, you must," she returned decidedly.

"I obey," said Galbraith, raising his hat; quickening his steps, he was soon out of sight, while Kate, slowly following, reached her house without any further adventure.

She had a long tearful talk with Fanny, after they had bid Tom good-night and good-bye, as he had to start by the first train for town next day. Fanny had utterly rejected the idea of leaving her friend at present, or till she had renounced the Berlin-wool trade. She confessed to a quarrel with Tom on this subject, but also to a reconciliation, the very recollection of which called up dimpling smiles and blushes. No! she would not quit Kate; she never thought she would be so important a person, but she now saw quite well that Kate could not get on without her.

Mrs. Temple urged that Tom Reed would have just cause to complain if Fanny preferred her friend to her lover, and at last it was decided that when Tom was actually appointed to the chieftainship of the "M. T.," it would be time enough to talk about separating. In the interest excited by Tom and Fanny's affairs, Mrs. Temple forgot, or omitted to mention, her *rencontre* with Galbraith, and having done so, did not care to revert to the subject, especially as her friend had asked her no questions. But, in the solitude of her own room, a review of the conversation called up a smile half triumphant and wholly amused to the young widow's lip, as she remembered that little more than a year ago she had sat under the yew-tree in Hampton Court gardens, and quivered with indignant feeling at the scorn heaped upon her by the man, whose tones of entreaty for a few minutes more of her society still rang in her ear!

CHAPTER XXIV.

As the friends anticipated, Lady Styles lost no time, on her return to Weston, in investigating the state of affairs at the Berlin Bazaar, and on the day following Tom's visit she made her appearance at an unusually early hour after luncheon.

"Well, Mrs. Temple, how have you all been? I feel as if I had been away a year instead of six weeks. Do you know, I don't like any neighbourhood as well as my own; it's a great advantage to be

within a drive of a Berlin Bazaar — especially when it is so well managed, ha! ha! ha! I want three skeins of yellow shaded, and two of green, five of crimson, and — there! your young person can take the paper and put all the things together, while I talk to you. You are looking uncommonly well; and how are you getting on with your tenant, — your patient — the man that broke his head? Slade tells me he is here still; not a bad business for you."

"No, Lady Styles. It has answered very well to have my rooms occupied; but Sir Hugh Galbraith leaves this week."

"Oh! indeed — yes, Dr. Slade gives an indifferent account of him, says he is so impatient and proud, and — all sorts of things. Have you found him so, eh?"

"I only know that he pays regularly, and gives very little trouble," replied Mrs. Temple, smiling placidly, and perfectly understanding the drift of the question.

"Oh, indeed; that is very nice, very nice indeed. You know, you would make such a charming nurse; I thought he might have claimed his landlady's personal care," cried Lady Styles, with a jolly laugh.

"My good old servant has acted the part of landlady and nurse for me," returned Mrs. Temple.

"Oh, very prudent; quite right, quite right," said her ladyship, looking round with an eagle eye, in search of some chink into which she might insert the point of her wedge-like inquiries. "I don't think you have quite so many pretty things as you used. I hope you are not neglecting your business."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Temple, drily. "But I have not yet bought my spring goods; in a week or two I hope to offer a choice selection of novelties."

"That will be charming. Well, Mrs. Temple, if Sir Hugh Galbraith is at home, I think it right to call upon him. I will go in, if you please!"

"I never know if he is in or out, Lady Styles. But if you will go round to the front door the servant will tell you."

"Oh, very well, very well. You see, he is a great friend of a cousin of mine, and I wish to show him a little attention — to explain why I have not been to see him before. I will look in again, Mrs. Temple, for my wools and canvases, and tell you what I think of him." So saying, her ladyship walked, or, to be more accurate, waddled away round to the entrance, and there made a tolerable imitation of her footman's knock.

Mills, "simple, erect, severe, austere," in due time — not too soon — opened the door in a snowy cap, apron, and net handkerchief, the very picture of an old family servant.

"Ah! I see," thought Lady Styles, with a delighted sense of her own rapid perception, "this is the nurse. I wonder where Slade found her."

"Good-morning," she said to Mills, who had now reached a condition which defied the most startling combination of circumstances to surprise. "How is your patient? If he is pretty well and visible to-day, I will come in and see him."

"Is it Mrs. Temple you're wanting, ma'am?" asked Mills, to whom this address was dumb show.

"She is as deaf as a post," exclaimed Lady Styles. "No, no," in louder tones. "Sir Hugh Galbraith. I want to see Sir Hugh Galbraith."

"Yes, he is in, ma'am."

"Just tell him Lady Styles would be happy to come up and see him."

"Walk in, if you please," and Mills ushered her ladyship into the pretty sitting-room opening on the garden, where she immediately occupied herself in a close examination of all books, photographs, etc., etc., which lay upon the table. Meantime, Mills bent her rheumatic steps to Sir Hugh's apartment. "There is a lady wants to see you."

"A lady?" echoed Galbraith, looking up from some notes he was trying to make in pencil with his left hand. "What sort of a lady?"

"Oh, a stout lady, as is often in the shop. A lady somebody, sir."

"Lady Styles, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "She has not lost much time. Well, show her up," he added, resignedly, while he hastily put his papers together and shut them in his blotting-book, before Mills opened the door and ushered in his visitor.

"Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Lady Styles, in her best manner, as she entered, "I really could not let you be here in a sort of savage land without coming to look after you. Colonel Upton mentioned you to me as his particular friend, and had I not been detained in Yorkshire by poor Sir Marmaduke's indisposition I should have had the pleasure of calling upon you before."

"You are very good," returned Galbraith, advancing a chair. "Pray sit down," which her ladyship, being rather out of breath from the ascent of the staircase, did very readily.

"I think," she resumed, "I have the pleasure of knowing your sister, Lady Lorrimer. I met her at dinner, where I was staying in Yorkshire. I cannot say I see much resemblance between you." Galbraith bowed. "And tell me, Sir Hugh, are you feeling better and stronger?"

"I am very nearly all right, thank you. Can't venture to use my arm yet, the doctor tells me. I hope to get away the end of this week, or beginning of next."

"Then, my dear sir," cried Lady Styles, with much animation, "you had much better come over and spend the remainder of your convalescence at Weston. We will take great care of you; and I have one or two very pleasant people staying with me."

"You are really very good, Lady Styles, but I am quite comfortable here. When I am fit to be seen I will do myself the honour of calling upon you."

"Fit to be seen, my dear Sir Hugh!" echoed her ladyship. "The less fit you are to be seen, the more ready all my young lady friends will be to admire you."

"My dear Lady Styles, I do not like young ladies, and I am quite unaccustomed to be admired."

"What a monster!" cried Lady Styles, laughing. "But they make you tolerably comfortable here?"

"Very comfortable indeed."

"Do you ever see your landlady, eh?" sharply.

"I have seen her," returned Galbraith, with an immovable face.

"She interests me very much," resumed Lady Styles, with animation. "I am quite sure there is some romance attached to her. She is so ladylike, and quiet; yet an excellent woman of business. Then she reminds me of two or three people. Has it ever struck you?"

"What? her likeness to two or three people? I cannot say it has," replied Galbraith, so coldly and indifferently that Lady Styles was checked for a moment.

"What a nice, respectable nurse you appear to have. I must ask Slade for her address; it is well to know such a person. Pray, have you found her satisfactory in every respect? sober, vigilant, and all that, eh?"

"Who?" asked Galbraith, puzzled by this flank movement.

"The nurse — the old woman who let me in."

"You mean Mrs. Mills! She is the servant and manager of the house. I thought she was the landlady till the other

day. I have never been reduced to a nurse."

"Oh, indeed! Now, there, Sir Hugh! there is another remarkable fact; the very servant is out of the common. Mark my words, there is some mystery here."

Sir Hugh bent his head in silence.

"I imagine all sorts of things about that charming young widow. They *do* say her husband is still alive, and imprisoned for some dreadful crime; but I cannot help fancying that she has never been married, but has been well connected, and obliged to part with her protector? eh, Sir Hugh? At my age one knows, unfortunately, too much of the wickedness of the world — and — hasn't it struck you?"

"No, certainly not," returned Galbraith, starting up and stirring the fire violently, "my experience of the world suggests nothing of the kind."

"Dear me! doesn't it?" said Lady Styles, innocently; "but you have been a long time out of England, and of course you haven't seen Mrs. Temple as much as I have. Then you have formed no theory respecting your landlady?"

"Why should I?" exclaimed Galbraith, abruptly. "A quiet woman earning her bread honestly ought to be spared theories and conjectures."

"Now, Sir Hugh, that is too severe. I suppose you mean I am a gossip, and I am nothing of the kind; but I am hugely sympathetic. I confess I take a deep, a sincere interest in the people I live amongst. There's the doctor! *He* is a gossip if you will, and between you and me, not the most good-natured of gossips; but he affects to be above all that sort of thing. Haven't you noticed it?"

"I am not observant," returned Sir Hugh, wearing his grimmest aspect. So Lady Styles wandered to another subject.

"I was very pleased to hear that old Mr. Travers came to his senses at last, and made a proper will. It would have been shocking if he had left everything to the widow."

"She would probably differ from you," said Galbraith, drily.

"Oh! I fancy it was a bitter disappointment to *her*. I believe she was a very grasping creature; a connection of mine, the Honourable Mrs. Danby, lived next door, at the time of poor Mr. Travers's death, and tried to show her a little attention; but she was rather ungracious; would not accept any invitation, and was very unneighbourly and disobliging about her carriage: would rather let her horses

eat their heads off in the stable than allow a mortal to use it but herself, and was always closetted with a clerk of Mr. Travers's — over accounts — or heaven knows what — quite a low fellow!"

"Well," returned Galbraith, who would have stood up for Beelzebub himself against Lady Styles; "it was only decent to keep quiet after her husband's death, and people don't generally keep carriages for their neighbours to use."

"I protest, Sir Hugh, you are severely just. However, it was rather hard of the husband to leave her penniless; depend upon it, he had reason to think her underserving. Does it strike you?"

"We have no right to say anything of the sort."

"Pardon me, Sir Hugh, such a will gives us every right. Do you know what has become of her?"

"No," returned Galbraith.

"Dear me! I wonder you had not the — the curiosity to inquire. Mrs. Danby heard she had gone abroad; depend upon it, she had contrived to get a sum of money, or a settlement of some kind; she could not live on air. It would be awkward now if she were to dispute the will."

"That is not likely."

"Well, I don't know; these sort of women — greedy, uneducated women, I mean — are very fond of litigation. Suppose she got hold of some sharp, unscrupulous solicitor."

"I never suppose things," very sternly.

"Well, Sir Hugh, I think you are looking very tired, and I shall bid you good morning," said Lady Styles, giving him up as a hopeless subject. "I am truly glad your uncle — wasn't he your uncle? No? — whatever he was then — that he disposed of his property as he did. By the way, do you keep up the business still?"

"The house still exists."

"Then I really do wish you would give one of the rector's sons a berth in it. Most deserving people, but poor — wretchedly poor. What between dilapidations and thirteen children — terrible, isn't it? Now, do think of them. Men like you have a great deal in their power, and you ought to consider yourself a steward for the benefit of others. By the way, Willie Upton talks of coming over for a week or two. He has business in London; so you really must come and meet him. Don't let me keep you standing. Oh, by the way, I just want to speak a word to Mrs. Temple before I go. May I ring the bell?" — ringing it.

This unexpected stroke paralyzed Gal-

braith for a moment. It seemed a sort of sacrilege to call up the gentle, dignified lady of the house to be cross-examined by this rampant old woman.

"I do not think Mrs. Temple usually leaves her shop," he said, hastily; "Mills is virtually mistress of the house."

"Oh, she will come for me," said Lady Styles, with a provoking triumphant nod. "I was her first patron, and I know she looks on me as her sheet anchor." To Mills, as she presented herself, "Pray, give my compliments to Mrs. Temple; I should like to speak to her for two minutes — just *two* minutes."

"What, here, ma'am?"

"Yes, here," smiling graciously, "I wish to tell her, before you, what I want," continued Lady Styles to Galbraith, with many nods and smiles, and resuming her seat, while he, in gloomy discomfort, stood upon the hearth-rug. Lady Styles talked on, but he scarce heard even the sound of her voice, so anxiously was he watching the door. At last it opened, and Mrs. Temple came in. Her ordinary and exceedingly simple attire could not conceal the grace of her figure, nor had the unexpected summons disturbed the composed, collected expression of her face. Galbraith made a step forward, and bowed. She returned the salutation in silence.

"Well, Mrs. Temple, I have been persuading Sir Hugh Galbraith to come over to Weston. We should take excellent care of him, and I daresay with your shop and all, you have quite enough to do without attending to an invalid."

"My servant, Mills, attends to the house. I have scarce anything to do with it," said Mrs. Temple, coldly. "But I have no doubt Sir Hugh Galbraith would have more comfort and amusement at your ladyship's residence."

"I cannot go, however," said Sir Hugh, resolutely, "though much obliged, and all that —"

"Well, Mrs. Temple, if Sir Hugh fancies fruit or vegetables, or flowers, or anything, pray send for them. By the way! have you ever been over to Weston, Mrs. Temple? It is a very pretty place; people often drive from Stoneborough to look at it. If you come over some afternoon, about five, you will be in time for the housekeeper's-room tea, and they will be delighted to see you, though I doubt if you will get such good bread, butter, and shrimps as I had here, ha! ha! ha! Well, good-morning, Sir Hugh. Good-morning, Mrs. Temple," and her ladyship rolled with amazing rapidity out of the room, at-

tended by Galbraith, who with difficulty restrained his lips from bad words. The moment the door was closed upon her he returned quickly, hoping to meet Mrs. Temple; but she had vanished.

Galbraith was greatly incensed by this visit, and all the gossip he had been compelled to listen to. It stung him to hear poor Travers's widow spoken of in such a tone, though he was quite sure she deserved it. Then it vexed him to have the possible claims and probable destitution of that adventuress brought before his notice. He had urged his solicitor repeatedly to seek her out and relieve her necessities, which he felt to be a blot upon his scutcheon. What evil fortune ever brought the creature across his path! There was one morsel of her ladyship's outpouring that dwelt on his mind pertinaciously. "They say her husband is in prison for some crime." He took this sentence, and looked at it by every light that Mrs. Temple's bearing, expression, or surroundings threw upon it, and he finally decided that it was utterly false. But his reflections revealed to him what a burning agony it would be to know that she had a living husband. In vain he strove to banish the idea with half-uttered exclamations that it was nothing to him, that he was unhinged by illness, or he would not give the subject a second thought; it would return with threatening distinctness.

"This folly grows serious," thought Galbraith; "I must shake it off. But I have been warned off the premises, so I will go — positively next week — next Saturday; twenty-four hours in London will no doubt effect a radical cure."

But he was desperately restless all day, and walked and drove as if urged to and fro by an evil spirit. He was haunted by the suppressed, amused, arch smile that flickered round the young widow's lips at Lady Styles's general invitation to the housekeeper's room. It was the natural expression of one too much above the proposition to be offended.

Finally, after walking up and down his room till he heard the church clock strike seven, he seized his hat, put the last *Quarterly* under his arm, and stalked downstairs as if to go out, but he did not. He knocked at the shop-parlour door, and, in reply to Fanny's "Come in," passed the magic portal with an apology, and so gave himself up to one more enchanted evening. Fanny was in great spirits, and chaffed her friend merrily on being invited to the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Tem-

ple was rather silent, bestowing much attention on her work. But Hugh Galbraith was content. Nevertheless, when he rose to depart he observed, "As it is not the Sabbath, Mrs. Temple, I suppose I may give legal warning that I intend quitting my pleasant quarters on Saturday."

"Very well," said Mrs. Temple, with unmistakable and mortifying alacrity. "I accept it, and will be so far indulgent that I shall not insist on your vacating your apartments before twelve, which is, I believe, the strict law."

"If it is any accommodation to you," returned Galbraith stiffly, "I can turn out on Friday."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, with a smile so frank and sweet that Galbraith could have kissed her for it on the spot; "I do not wish to hurry you in any way; you have been an excellent tenant, but I must not be too selfish, so I am glad you are well enough to leave."

This was said in a tone of the most conventional politeness—a tone that could not be complained of, and yet that robbed the kind words of half their kindness.

"Thank you; good-night," replied Galbraith shortly, and departed, without taking any notice of Fanny.

"Well!" cried that young lady, looking up from a book in which she was writing out a wonderful receipt for a crochet border that had been lent to her, "you do your best to retard that unfortunate man's recovery! You play upon him frightfully, though he is not a very harmonious instrument. Pray, have you the face now to say he is not in love with you?"

"You know how much I dislike such idle talk, Fanny. I do not think Sir Hugh knows what love means. A cold, stiff, stern man like him fall in love! Pooh! He is a little piqued, and puzzled, and interested in me—I mean *us*—but a day or two of his old occupation—a race, a pigeon-match, would put his nearly six weeks' sojourn here out of his head. Besides, it would be unpardonable presumption in a man like him to associate me with such ideas," concluded Kate, raising her head haughtily.

"I know it's a weakness," said Fanny, reflectively; "but I cannot help it. Sir Hugh has, I can see, a great contempt for me. Yet I like him, though I try not. There is a sort of lazy lordliness about him—a carelessness of small things! I know he behaved very badly to you—abominably!" in reply to Kate's surprised look; "of course I hate him for that; but

I can tell you I know a great deal more of love than you do."

"You might, easily!" murmured Kate to herself.

"What do you say?" continued Fanny.

"Oh, you think nobody ever looked at me but Tom! Well, you are mistaken! There was a man in Yorkshire (that dreadful place you rescued me from, you dear!), and I am quite sure he was in love with me!"—a little triumphant nod—"though you may not believe it."

"Yes, I do, Fan! Go on; tell me all about it."

"He was ever so much older than I am; a great, tall, gaunt-looking man, not at all unlike poor Sir Hugh—the same sort of sunken, melancholy eyes, but fierce sometimes. I was rather afraid of him. To be sure he did not speak like Sir Hugh; he had the dreadful Yorkshire accent. I was always inclined to laugh when he spoke. He was the uncle of my pupils."

"What made you think he was in love with you?"

"I can hardly tell. He was always coming into the schoolroom, and I am sure it was too miserable a place to come to unless you wanted something very much. Then he was horribly cross and savage to me; but he was down on anyone else that was rude. I think he was ashamed of himself for caring about me; and I remember once, when he found me crying——"

"Well, do go on!" cried her attentive listener.

"Oh, nothing, only he was rather foolish."

"Did he propose for you?"

"Not he!" said Fanny, laughing; "he was far too prudent; he might though, had I remained."

"And should you have accepted him?"

"To be sure I should," returned Fanny.

Her friend was rather scandalized. "What!" she exclaimed; "this man whom you feared and laughed at!"

"If he had got over things enough to make me his wife, I should have known I needn't fear a man who was so fond of me, and I should have thought him too good a fellow to laugh at. Oh! Kate, you don't know how wretched I was!"

"Did you feel inclined to love him at all?" asked Mrs. Temple, her thoughts reverting to the absent lover.

"Not a bit," said Fanny, cheerfully. "Thank goodness, he did not make up his mind in time, or I should have missed

Tom, and Tom is a thousand, million times nicer and better! I wonder why Tom took such a fancy to a stupid thing like me? What luck I have had! But I sha'n't tell him that. He requires a good deal of keeping down," and Fanny shook her head wisely.

Mrs. Temple did not reply; she was thinking of the wonderful difference between her friend's nature and her own. She knew she had more courage, and firmness, and reason, than Fanny; yet she should never dream of "keeping down" a man she loved, if she ever did love. If she ever gave her heart, it would be to some one she could look up to so entirely that all her care would be to deserve his esteem, not to rise above him, or keep him down—an intellectual ideal very unlikely to be realized, and exceedingly unpleasant if it was. Yet Fanny believed Tom the first man of the day, and infinitely her superior even when talking and thinking thus. "She will, probably, always have more influence than I," thought Kate. "Why is this?"

But Fanny was talking again. "Now, Sir Hugh always reminds me of poor Mr. West. He is growing fond of you and hates you at the same time, and despises himself all the while for caring about you."

"Despises himself," repeated her listener, with scornful, curling lips.

"Oh! if you would hang down your head, and sigh, and seem mysteriously broken-hearted, I daresay it would be all over with him; but to see you face him like the rock that wouldn't fly (what is it in that poem?), and look right into his eyes with those big earnest ones of yours, makes him feel that you are more than his match. Why, even I feel half afraid of them now!"

"Fanny," exclaimed Mrs. Temple, "how did you learn all this?"

"Learn it! I don't know, I am sure; it seems to come into my head of its own accord. But I am certain I am right!"

"You are wonderful; you astonish me!"

"Do I? Well, then, I am astonished at myself! After all, I may turn out one of those swells who can 'lay bare the workings of the Human Heart,' with capital H's. I shall write at once to Tom, and tell him what a wonderful discovery I have made."

"Do, dear; but first give me your word never to talk in this strain of Sir Hugh Galbraith again! It is unbecoming and absurd! In a few days he will be gone,

and we shall never see his face again, nor will he even hear of me—unless, as I trust in heaven I shall, I come before him as the successful opponent of the will which robbed me to enrich him."

"We never know what is before us," said Fanny, sagely. "But there, dear! I will never say anything to vex you, if I can help it."

For the two succeeding days the friends saw nothing of Galbraith, who was suffering from a severe fit of the sulks, and was constantly out of doors, although the weather was showery and rough.

He certainly intended to leave, for elaborate preparations were made for a move; and his servant informed Mrs. Mills that if his master did want to stay at Pierstoffe for a day or two longer, he would go to the hotel—a proposition which excited Mills's wrath as a flagrant act of ingratitude, after "her slaving and waiting on him hand and foot; but it was all of a piece!"—meaning his conduct.

Fanny collected some magazines and reviews he had lent, carefully made out a copy of his bill, to have it in readiness. She made an excellent chancellor of the exchequer. Mrs. Temple attended assiduously to her shop. She was really glad the enemy was going to retreat, for she was half afraid something unpleasant might occur, since Fanny had opened her stores of wisdom.

Lady Styles had made another incursion, with a carriage-load of ladies who purchased largely, while their conductress abused Sir Hugh Galbraith to her heart's content. "The most tiresome, conceited, ill-bred man she had ever met!—but the Galbraiths always were the most overbearing, ill-tempered people, my dear. The late Sir Frederick—this man's father—was the best of them, and bad was the best!" Mrs. Temple smiled.

"My dear Mrs. Temple, who is it that you remind me of so very strongly, especially when you smile? I seem to have known you all my life. Look here, Elizabeth!" to a grand lady who was buying views of Pierstoffe. "Does Mrs. Temple remind you of any one?" The lady appealed to squeezed up her eyes, and calmly perused Kate's features. "I am not sure, but I fancy she has a look of Lady William Courtenay?"

"Yes, to be sure, that is it!—a niece of mine. How stupid of me not to see it before! Pray, what was your name before your marriage?"

"Smith," returned Mrs. Temple shortly; "but, excuse me, I cannot see that my

appearance or name has anything to do with my business, which is to sell you fancy-work of all descriptions!"

"Very fair! quite right! I protest I beg your pardon!" cried her ladyship. "And so that disagreeable man is going on Saturday—positively, Slade tells me. I am sure I congratulate you! I imagine he is a good deal set up by getting his uncle's fortune so unexpectedly. The uncle married a doubtful sort of woman, and they feared he would leave her everything; but he changed his mind in time. Dear me, Elizabeth! Laura! There is Sir Hugh himself, just passing the window." A rather undignified scuffle to see the object of Lady Styles's remarks gave Mrs. Temple time to recover herself. She was astonished to find her story, at any rate partially, known in that remote locality.

She did not know the freemasonry of caste—the electric telegraphy that sends all reports and tattle touching themselves flashing through the ranks of those linked together by the common possession of that mysterious attribute termed "blue blood."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE morning before Galbraith's departure the postman had only two letters for the Berlin Bazaar; one directed to "Sir Hugh Galbraith, Bart.;" the other to Miss Lee in Tom Reed's well-known writing. It was not a lengthy epistle, nevertheless it evidently gave both pleasure and amusement, for Fanny's face was dimpled with smiles as she read. Mrs. Temple glanced at her kindly and sympathizingly, as she poured out the tea.

"I think, Fan, you have dropped something out of your letter," she said.

"Have I?" starting, and picking up a small note that had been enclosed in Tom's missive. "To be sure! He says it is for you."

Mrs. Temple took and opened it. It ran thus: "The day of miracles is not quite over yet! Trapes called here this morning, and absolutely repaid me a sovereign I had lent him last week, and which I had fondly hoped would have kept him at a distance for months. Though stunned, I remembered your desire for his address, and recovered sufficiently to procure it: 'J. Trapes, Esq., care of W. Bates, The Red Boar, King Street, Islington.' One word more: by no means communicate with this fellow except through myself or somebody equally devoted to your interest."

"This is very curious! It is a good omen," exclaimed Kate.

"What?" said Fanny.

Kate gave a short explanation, the shorter because she saw Fanny glanced from time to time at her letter, which she evidently wished to re-peruse.

When breakfast was over, Kate went to their best sitting-room to lock away Mr. Trapes's address, with her evidence-book, and a few other papers of importance; and after turning the key, stood a moment in thought. She did not know why she permitted the idea of this man to associate itself in her mind with Ford. She could not help believing that his tale of Ford's resemblance to some one who owed him money was a blind, and that Ford himself was the object of his search. What Ford's acquaintance with such a character had to do with her own history she could not tell. She fancied, if she could only see this Trapes, she might get some clue. Now his unexpected restoration of the sovereign looked like having extracted money from Ford! She must think it all over coolly and clearly. "I must not let imagination fool me; yet imagination is the pioneer of discovery." Here the sound of Galbraith's deep, harsh voice caught her ear. He was down in the hall at that early hour, speaking to Mills—asking for herself. "I am here," she said, coming to the open door of the drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon for intruding on you at such an hour, Mrs. Temple," said Galbraith, turning to her; "but I have had a letter which I am very anxious to answer by to-night's post. May I once more trouble you to act as secretary? Your labours in that line are nearly over! Any hour before nine will do."

"I shall not be free before seven, and, as it seems a letter of importance, I had better not attempt it till I am safe from interruptions."

"Thank you, thank you!" returned Galbraith, earnestly. "I shall expect you, then, at seven." He paused a moment, as if on the point of saying more; then bowed, and retreated up-stairs.

Mrs. Temple was struck by the animation of his look and manner. "His letter is not a disagreeable one, I am quite sure," she thought. "It is quite as well he is going; this secretaryship would not raise me in the estimation of my fellow-townpeople, if it were known! What would not Lady Styles say? Fortunately, poor Mills is deaf and incorruptible; and

Sarah leaves so early, she sees nothing. I wonder, shall Hugh Galbraith and I ever meet again? That our courses will cross or clash I feel quite sure!"

So thinking, she went slowly into the shop and threw her attention into her business. Still, sudden, sharp conjectures respecting J. Trapes, Esq., would dart through her brain, and also respecting Hugh Galbraith's letter. It came so naturally to her to call him Hugh! In the various conversations in which she had urged his claim upon her husband, they had always spoken of him as "Hugh;" and now, had she not always been on guard when speaking to him, the name would certainly have escaped her. "I shall really be glad when he is gone, and the odd excitement of his presence removed;" so honestly thinking, she attended to them any demands of her customers, the day went quickly over, and seven o'clock came round.

For the first time Mrs. Temple had to pause and reason away a slight tinge of embarrassment before she presented herself for the performance of her task. "This is the fruit of Fanny's foolish talk," she thought, as she stood before her glass; "but I am no stupid schoolgirl, to be affected by it! Life has been too real to me not to have steadied my nerves beyond what the implied admiration of an accidental acquaintance could disturb," and with a faint increase of colour, a shade more of hauteur in her bearing, Mrs. Temple followed Mills, whom she had sent to inquire if Sir Hugh was ready.

He was, quite. The curtains were drawn, and the lamp lit; for, though daylight had not quite faded, there would not have been enough to finish a letter by.

Galbraith had put his writing-materials in readiness on the table, and was leaning against the chimneypiece, holding an open letter, and evidently in a state of expectation. "You are really very good," he said, earnestly, coming forward to meet her, and placing a chair at the table.

His manner put Mrs. Temple at her ease. His business, whatever it was, appeared to occupy him, to the exclusion of any other idea; and Mrs. Temple mentally accused herself of conceit and stupidity for listening to Fanny's suggestions. She accordingly took the offered seat, and dipping her pen in the ink, looked up to Galbraith for the words.

He dictated slowly and thoughtfully, often looking at the letter in his hand: "Dear Sir,—I have yours of the —th. I regret to find you are out of town, and

that you have been unwell. The price asked for the property I wish to buy back is much beyond its worth, quite a third more than my father sold it for. I am aware that it is of more value to me than to any other purchaser, but I am not at all inclined to pay a fancy price, and I know that in its present condition much of the land is scarcely worth two pounds an acre. You are quite right in trying to keep me out of sight, though I fear you are too well known as my solicitor. Could you not find some respectable local man who might act for you in ignorance of your client's name? If the upland called Langley Knolls, which is very good land, be included in the sale, or you can manage to get hold of it, I will go as far as ten thousand for the whole—as much under as you like; but I have this sum at hand, as you know, and I will not go beyond it."

At this point Mrs. Temple stopped short, and placing her elbow on the table, instinctively shaded her face from Galbraith by placing her hand over her eyes, for the words she had just written stirred her deeply. That ten thousand pounds—she knew exactly where it came from, how it was placed, and why it was available. Little more than a year ago it was hers, and she had her own plans respecting it; now she was writing directions for its disposal in a way that, whatever happened, would put a large portion of it out of her reach. And more, she felt a strange sensation of shame at the sort of treachery she was involuntarily practising; for, if she succeeded in making good her claim to the whole of Mr. Travers's property under the original will, Galbraith would be placed in a position which, from all she could observe of him, would be unspeakably degrading and distressing to his unyielding nature. So far her acquaintance with him had softened her towards her enemy that she could wish to spare him unnecessary humiliation, if she had ever, even in her angriest mood, wished it; and now to let him run blindly into the snare—was it honourable or right? "What can I do?" she thought.

But Galbraith had gone on dictating, and stopping to let her pen overtake his words, observed, with a little surprise, that she was not writing. His pause recalled her.

"Excuse me," she said, in a low voice, not venturing to look up; "but are you wise to allow an utter stranger to know so much of your affairs? If you leave us to-morrow, shall you not soon see your solic-

itor, and talk over your business? How do you know that I am not a friend of whoever wants an exorbitant price for this land, and will let him know who the purchaser really is? If there are any more very personal topics to come, had we not better stop here?"

Galbraith looked at her in great surprise. "Do you know the man who wants to sell?" he asked sharply.

"No, I do not; but——"

"You are not the material traitors are made of," said he, after an instant's pause and a searching gaze at the downcast face before him. "I have no secrets. I must write to Layton, for he is away at Scarborough. He has been ill, and has gone for change to his native place. You may write on with a safe conscience; I want to end it, for I am giving you a great deal of trouble."

Mrs. Temple was at the end of her resources, and silently, nervously resumed her pen as Galbraith continued to dictate.

"I am very glad you have found some traces of poor Travers's widow, and beg you will lose no time in following them up. I feel infinitely annoyed to think she is wandering about unprovided for—perhaps subsisting by doubtful means!"

"Have you that down?" asked Galbraith, who began to think Mrs. Temple was not quite up to her mark this evening.

She bent her head, and, with a cheek that first glowed and then turned very pale, wrote on with a beating heart. Traces of herself! What traces? She would make him talk, and so find out.

"Just add," continued Galbraith, "that I beg his attention to this. I should write to the partner about it, only I wish to keep the inquiry as quiet as possible."

Mrs. Temple wrote on in silence, trying, and successfully, to recover her composure and presence of mind. In a few moments she handed him the letter to read, which he did carefully, and then managed to scrawl his signature with his left hand. He returned it to her with an envelope, showed her the address on Mr. Payne's letter, and rang the bell. "Tell my man to post this at once, and that I want nothing more to-night," said he, when Mills appeared; and he proceeded to pace once or twice to and fro between Mrs. Temple and the door.

"Stay a little," he said, as she made a movement to rise: "so far from having secrets, I feel inclined to tell you something of my history, such as it is; but first

tell me, why did this letter disturb you?—for you *were* disturbed."

"Well—you see ten thousand pounds is such a quantity of money," said Mrs. Temple, settling herself again and shading her face with her hand; "at least it is to me; you are accustomed to large sums no doubt."

"By Jove, I am not! I have been a poor devil all my life till the other day."

"I should have thought you only knew one half of life, and that the half in which, as the children say, 'We go up, up, up,'" replied Mrs. Temple, looking at him with an encouraging smile.

"I have had considerable experience in being hard up," said Galbraith, who, in his desire to prolong this last interview, was ready to tell anything and everything that could detain his companion. "You must know that for years I considered myself heir to a rich cousin, who, when I was away in India, thought fit to marry a girl young enough to be his daughter, and low enough to be his housemaid! Not content with this piece of folly, he left her all his money—cutting me off without even the traditional shilling. I came back awfully disgusted. When, to my own and every one's surprise, another will turned up, making me the heir and cutting her off without the shilling. I suppose the old man had some reason that has never come out. Still, I do not think it was right to leave the woman who bore his name unprovided for. I wanted to make up the deficiency, but, by Jove! she would not accept a sous, declares number two will is a forgery, that she will have all or nothing, and has disappeared. Now the information I wanted from Payne is about her. He thinks he is on her track, somewhere in Germany, he says," looking at the letter, "that there is a girls' school lately started at Wiesbaden by an English woman, a Mrs. Talboys—heard of it quite accidentally—and that she seems to answer the description of Mrs. Travers."

"Your story interests me," said Mrs. Temple, as he paused. She had quite recovered her self-possession and raised her eyes fully and calmly to his as he stood opposite to her, holding the back of a chair with his left hand. "And I hope all will come right," she added, with a meaning smile, which, looking as he was into her eyes, he did not heed.

"You see," he resumed, "one must always admire pluck in prince or plebeian; besides, she offered me a tolerable income

out of the estate—but that might have been to keep me quiet."

"Was she pretty?" asked Kate, looking down again.

"That I cannot say; I never saw her. I believe she has red hair; so Ford told me."

"Did Ford say that?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, with irrepressible indignation. Then checking herself, "I mean, it is surprising your cousin should have fancied so plain a person."

"And his landlady's daughter, by George!" said Galbraith, who had walked to the fire just to get his eyes away from the fascination of his companion's, and now laid hold of the chair-back again. "Now, poor Travers was rather a fastidious man, but I suppose she was determined to have him. It was a great catch for her, no doubt; still it is always revolting to see a girl sacrifice herself to age."

"I suppose it is," said Mrs. Temple, pushing back her chestnut-brown hair, which was often loosened by its own weight, with a natural, unconscious action, and then clasping her hands, leant them before her on the table, while she yielded to the temptation to plead her own cause to the enemy whose somewhat rugged, generous honesty appealed strongly to her sympathies, her fair face and soft earnest eyes uplifted to his with a sincere purpose that banished every shadow of embarrassment. "I suppose it is; but did it ever strike you what a terribly hard lot it is for a woman to be poor and alone? perhaps suddenly bereft of those who surrounded her youth with tenderness, if not with luxuries! I do not think any man can quite realize *how* terrible it is; but, if you could, you would understand what a temptation an honourable home and the protection of a kind, good, even though elderly, man offers—an irresistible temptation! And if a woman's heart is quite, quite free, believe me, warm, hearty gratitude is no bad substitute for love." She stopped a moment, a little ashamed of the emotion with which she had spoken, and added, in an altered tone, "So I imagine it is in my world. I do not pretend to understand the shibboleth of yours."

Galbraith's words did not come very readily, so absorbed was he by her look, her voice. "I understand *you*," he said at last; "and if you will not consider my interest impertinence, I should say your description is drawn from experience—your own marriage was something of this?"

"Something," she returned, looking

down and arranging the paper and envelopes before her a little nervously.

"Well," returned Galbraith, closing his large, lean, sinewy, sunburnt hand tightly on the chair-back, "an elderly husband might be satisfied with gratitude and all that sort of thing, but, by heaven, I should not! I should want throb for throb as tender, if not as passionate, as the love I gave, or I would be inclined to cut my throat!"

Surprised at his tone, Mrs. Temple looked up and met his eyes all aglow with such passionate adoration that she grew paler, and her heart beat with undefined fear at the fire with which she had been playing. Here was something more than she had bargained for, or had ever before met. Moreover, whatever Hugh Galbraith's intellectual powers might be, he was evidently a man whose pertinacity and resolution were not to be trifled with. Had she created trouble for herself, and brought upon herself possibilities of insult far worse than anything she had yet sustained? Could she at that moment have borrowed a conjuror's wand she would have instantly transported Galbraith to a London hotel safe out of her way; but, as she could not, her best plan was to rally her forces and retreat in good order.

"It is growing late," she said, coldly. "I must wish you good-night."

"One moment," returned Galbraith, eagerly, his invention quickened by his ardent desire to keep her a little longer; "it is my last chance of having so good a secretary. May I ask you to write a few lines to Upton?"

"They will scarce be in time for the post."

"No matter, they will go to-morrow."

Mrs. Temple replied by taking some note-paper, and dipping her pen in the ink. Galbraith dictated a few incoherent, ungrammatical lines, telling his friend of Lady Styles's visit and invitation, and adding his London address, requesting Upton to join him there.

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Temple, writing on rapidly, anxious to end the interview.

"Yes." Her pen ran on: suddenly she half-uttered a quickly-suppressed "Oh!"

"What is the matter?" asked Galbraith, who was again pacing the room.

"Nothing; only I have stupidly made a blunder—"

"Let me see," he said, snatching up the paper before she could prevent him.

"You have signed your own name! Kate! I have always wanted to know

your name. Kate! It's the best name of all — there is something sweet and frank about it. Kate!" With a quick, eager glance at her face, he pressed his lips greedily on the writing, and then, crushing the paper in his clenched hand, dashed down his arm to its length as if furious with himself.

Mrs. Temple changed colour, but to deeper paleness; and rising quietly — swiftly, though without hurry — left the room. Galbraith stood still for a minute or two, and then burst into half-uttered curses on his own despicable want of self-control. He had betrayed himself, he had startled and offended the woman he passionately admired, yet could not ask to be his wife. He had altogether behaved like a weak, purposeless blockhead. He was glad he was going away; yet he would not like to sneak off like a poltroon, without making things right. What should he do?

The next morning before twelve the widow's tenant was ready to decamp.

"He is just going, 'm," said Mills, putting her head into the shop, "and he says he wants to speak to you."

"Go, Fanny," was Mrs. Temple's reply. "Won't you? Well, I suppose I must."

The door of the dining-room was open, and as Fanny approached she could see Galbraith standing near the window.

"I wanted to shake hands with you before I left," said he, not without a little embarrassment; "you have all been very good to me. I was most fortunate in finding such care and help. If there is anything I can do for you at any time, Miss Lee, there's my card — you will be sure to hear of me at my club, and — where's Mrs. Temple? I want to bid her good-bye."

"She is busy; but I will tell her," and Fanny left the room, but soon returned. "She is very sorry, but she is particularly engaged. She desires her best wishes."

Galbraith stood a moment gazing at Fanny in deep thought. "I will not keep her an instant!" he exclaimed. "Go and ask her again. Make her come, like a good girl."

Very much surprised by this appeal Fanny went; but on a fruitless errand.

"She can't come, indeed."

"I am exceedingly sorry that I gave you such useless trouble," said Galbraith, sternly. "Good-bye, Miss Lee! Stay — I had almost forgotten," and he took up a small morocco case he had placed upon the table. "Do me the favour to wear this sometimes in memory of your secretaryship. Good-bye," and he was gone.

"Well, I do declare it is a bracelet — a beautiful, solid gold bracelet!" exclaimed Fanny, eagerly peeping into the case. "Now this was intended for Kate; but she would not come. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Just see what you have lost!" she cried, running in to her friend, who had retreated to the parlour, leaving the shop to take care of itself for a few minutes, lest Galbraith, seeing her there, might persist in making his personal adieux. "Look! isn't that a lovely bracelet?"

"Did Hugh Galbraith give it to you?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Yes! that is what he wanted to see you so much for; he intended to give it to you."

"Impossible!" she returned, colouring deeply. "I do not think he would have ventured to offer *me* a present. Let me look at it, Fanny." It was more massive than pretty, and had a raised ornament in the centre which opened in the centre for hair or a miniature, and holding it out to Fanny Mrs. Temple pointed to the initials "F. L." inside. "It was meant for you," she said; "I thought he felt *I* was not a person he could offer presents to."

"Well, I am," said Fanny; "so he showed his sense! I tell you what, Kate — when you are really going in for your battle, we will sell this and pay some lawyer to plead against him! That is what Tom would call poetical justice."

"You little traitor!" cried Kate; "the rack would be too good for you."

From Fraser's Magazine.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

IX.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

MARRIAGE is surely the golden key to the celestial portals of liberty. Let us see how it has fared with our young friend since the frolic festival of the *Polterabend*. The marriage itself is, by comparison, but a tame affair. Wedding favours, marriage tours, best-man, bridesmaids, lockets, general regardlessness of expense, and *lune de miel*, sacred to seclusion and sentiment, are honoured in the breach rather than in the observance; and where people have not large means, or at least cannot afford these luxuries without inconvenience, we may fairly applaud the practical common

sense that decrees young people in love can be just as happy at home a month sooner as a month later. For the "great" these post-nuptial extravagances are permissible, for the "general" they are entirely out of the question. The bride, and not (as with us) the bridegroom, furnishes the house, plate, linen, and all that is requisite for the young couple to set up housekeeping. The gifts that flow in are, generally speaking, of the most moderate, not to say shabby, character; so that the burden and heat of the day fall upon the parents of the young lady; and if there should be half a dozen daughters, the consideration of ways and means is apt to be a rather serious one.

The knot tied, domestic life begins. To choose one's own dresses (subject to marital approval); to have one's coffee as strong as one likes; not to be stinted in sugar; and to go three times a week to the theatre, with appropriate *variations de toilette*; to make oneself perhaps renowned as a *Hausfrau*—who would not accept such a fate with the rapture good fortune proverbially excites? And yet—and yet there have been found uncomfortable souls to whom these delights have not sufficed. Of such misguided females let us keep silence; it is ever our duty to represent the best of its type.

"*Entre l'arbre et l'écorce*," says the shrewd old French proverb, "*ne mettez pas le doigt!*"

We, in England, are accustomed to think that, be her lord and master never so lordly and masterful, a woman reigns, as a rule, supreme in her own house; on matters of domestic detail be he otherwise never so despotic, he will scarcely presume to speak, nor does his voice, loud enough, perhaps, elsewhere, often make itself heard on questions of household arrangement. Meddling men are altogether exceptional and irregular in English households.

The precise contrary obtains in Germany; the husband is the king, the wife merely the prime minister. He sits in his arm-chair smoking perennial pipes, and auditing, with all the severity of a *Lycurgus*, the poor little woman's abject accounts. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears at excesses in soap and sauerkraut, is abusive as to fuel, tyrannical as to candles and red-herrings, and terrible on eggs and bacon. A woman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I (despite the laurate) are masters of our fate. She is simply an upper servant; nay, of many a

gently born and gently bred lady it may be said that the dull drudgery of her life is such as no *upper* servant would endure, such as would be scarcely tolerable to "the maid that does the meanest charrs." The maid can at least creep into dim obscurity when her hours of work are at an end; but the lady has to clothe herself in such raiment as her station is supposed to demand, and to leave weariness of the flesh and vexation of spirit in the kitchen with the pots and pans. The lady in black silk (really an "upper servant") who consents to superintend the Browns' gorgeous establishment, for the moderate consideration of fifty pounds a year (everything found, and no indelicate enquiries as to perquisites), would scorn to employ herself in the menial manner common to many noble ladies in Germany. Do I not, for instance, remember my neighbour, pretty little Baroness B—, like the maid in the nursery rhyme, standing "in the garden, hanging out the clothes"? Have I not gazed with a tender admiration (of which to this day she is unaware) at Frau von C—'s fair face, as I watched her from my window, ironing her husband's shirt-fronts all through a blazing afternoon, whilst now and again a diamond-drop would roll from her brow and fall, audibly hissing, on the iron? Have I not seen, with a sadness I dared not show, the indefatigable *Hauptmännin* von Z— baking, boiling, stewing, pounding, sifting, weighing, peeling, with an energy that positively paralyzed me at my post of observation? She would chaffer with the peasants who brought butter and eggs to the kitchen door, cheapening their already miraculously cheap offerings; she would scold the slavey (who, as we know, is no slavey at all), tap her girls smartly on the shoulders, and rap her boys over the knuckles, and never ask for change or rest. Who ate all the good things she compounded? I suppose her husband, a big burly man, with a red face, and beery guttural voice. I could hear him snoring away all the early part of the summer's afternoon (the windows were open towards the garden), when at four o'clock he would cast his *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln*, get himself into regimental clothes again, buckle in his big waist, and go swaggering down to his club, ogling every girl and woman he met by the way. I saw the other day that he had been decorated with, I know not how many, stars and crosses, and had grown into a lieutenant-colonel, and I could not help wondering how it was with his poor little wife, who had been under fire so long; had

marched and countermarched, and come to the front like a gallant little volunteer, always obedient to the word of her superior officer, cheery and uncomplaining. Has she, too, got her slow promotion, and stepped out of the ranks beyond the kitchen range, beyond the whole *batterie de cuisine*, with the order of merit on her faithful, modest little breast? I doubt it. I daresay, if I could look in upon her now, she is still cuffing supplementary boys off to school, lest they should disturb the paternal post-prandial slumbers, and rating the slavey as energetically as ever.

In the households of military men, or in those of the *höhere Beamten*, the women-kind gain little, comparatively little, by the promotion of their lords. No greater independence of action is granted them, no wider sphere or larger interests. Washing-days come round as before; the potatoes have to be peeled, the carrots scraped, and the slavey driven; the stockings to be knitted, the shirt-collars to be ironed, and the eternal locking and unlocking to go on, with very slight modifications, just as it did five, ten, twenty years ago. The master is decorated, he has new titles, becomes more expensive, generally ornamental, and sublime; he goes to the *Ministerium* or the *Kammer*; he sits upon the Bench, or he wrangles in Parliament, or he elaborates the *Kriegspiel*; he comes in contact with men of various shades and colours of opinion; at the club he reads the daily papers and learns how the world wags; he plays whist, goes to the theatre, and, if he have nothing to do, returns home again about nine o'clock. Having discussed, so far as was prudent, all political news at the club, he is hardly likely to begin on the state of the outer world, when he finds himself once more in the bosom of his family. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; what is said and done in their infinitesimally small circle is more to them than all the huge disasters of humanity; the *Kaffe-clack* of more significance than kings and kaisers toppling to their ruin; the rumour of a scandal of greater interest than all the vast problems and conflicts of the social and moral universe. And so a little local talk is all that is likely to turn up, and, as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving for the last thirty years (on his) and the last twenty years (on her) part (for at five they both knew a fair amount of town gossip) the conversation is not precisely of a nature to make them forget the time, or be heedless of the coals and candles.

We are accustomed to think of Germans

that they are a domestic people. The truth is, that of domesticities there is enough and to spare, but of domestic life, as we understand it, little or nothing. Beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping under one roof, the sexes have little in common. The woman is a slave of the ring; for the wife the baking and brewing, for the husband the cakes and ale; for her the toiling and spinning, for him the beer and skittles; for her the sheep-walk of precedent and the stocking of virtue, for him the parading and prancings; for her the nippings and screwings, for him the pipings and dancings; for her the dripping-jar and the meal-tub, for him stars and garters, and general gallooning, glitter, and sublimity.

In a comic paper there appeared the other day, amongst advertisements for things required, but scarcely likely to be met with —

“Wanted, a lady-help, with deft fingers, who can open oysters, peel walnuts and prawns, and make toast.”

Now what some English wag treats as an impossible production, German home life offers wholesale to the spectator. The woman is *there* to pick the shrimps, shell the lobsters, and peel the potatoes, of her lord and master. What wonder, then, if he be lordly and masterful? His creature comforts are materially increased, and his pocket spared by the excellent existing arrangements. The *Hausfrau* saves him a servant; indeed, she saves him unknown quantities, by her thrift and labour. She has an interest in the firm, such as no paid hireling could have; she is to the manner born, and knows life under no other aspect; nor does she take it amiss that her sponsor swaggers and gambles with the surplus coin that has been retrenched by the cheese-parings and flint-skinings that habitually exercise her frugal mind.

After visits and finery (says Hazlitt) a married woman of the old school had nothing to do but to attend to her housewifery. She had no other resource, no other sense of power than to harangue and lord it over her domesticities. Modern book-education supplies the place of the old-fashioned system of kitchen persecution and eloquence. A well-bred woman now seldom goes into the kitchen to look after servants. Formerly what was called “a good manager” (“She is a priceless *Hausfrau*,” writes Goethe of one of his fair friends to another), an exemplary mistress of a family, did nothing but hunt them from morning till night, from one year's end to another, without leaving them a moment's rest, peace, or comfort. Now a servant is left to do her work without this suspicious tormenting interference

and fault-finding at every step, and she does it all the better. A woman, from this habit, which at last would become an uncontrollable passion, would scold her maids for fifty years together. Now the temptation to read the last new poem or novel, and the necessity of talking of it in the next company she goes into, prevent her, and the benefit to all parties is incalculable.*

That a woman should be her husband's helpmeet as well as his housekeeper; that the noblest union is not of supreme authority and abject submission; that the wife should "sway level to her husband's heart;" that she is there, not only to sew on his shirt-buttons and darn his socks, but also, if needs be, "to warn, to comfort, and command;" that her household motions may be light and free, a spirit yet a woman too; and that she may, if she be so willed, come "at the last to set herself to man, like perfect music unto noble words," is a view of marriage too heretical for any orthodox German lady to entertain. The subjection of woman dates from creation, and no newfangledness shall obliterate the precedent of Paradise.

I remember at an æsthetic tea a quiet and outwardly insignificant little person being called upon by our host (her husband a German gentleman of ancient lineage) to produce some translations which she had made from one or other of the great poets. The verses were put into the hands of a certain Dr. R—, a man whose highest ambition it was, *mirabile dictu!* to edge himself "any way" into society. He was a person of assured standing and acknowledged merit, in his own particular circle; known as a blind conservative, and as the recipient of several gold medals "*für Kunst und Wissenschaft*," bestowed upon him by various appreciative potentates and powers for his exertions on their behalf. He was, nevertheless, only there on sufferance; to be tolerated in consideration of prospective usefulness, and treated from that point of view, with a faint conciliatory show of shallow cordiality. He was as well behaved as the rest of the company, if his manners were not quite so easy as theirs; yet one felt vaguely that he was in, but not of, the "world" he aspired to frequent.

The verses were read, and soon afterwards the influential editor left the room. A little stir of relief buzzed through the

party; but an old *Hausfreund* taking their host by the arm led him apart. "You have committed a mistake, *lieber Freund*," he said. "Your wife may have talents, but in your place, I would not allow her to have anything in common *mit derer Art Leute* (with that sort of people). They are only to be tolerated on account of their potential political usefulness." Of course, persons with a pedigree are blandly permitted in Germany, as "royal and noble authors" elsewhere are, to dabble feebly in literature, and not to lose caste by the dabbling. It is a mania like another. But there is a general assumption in the world that is peopled by generals' wives and councillors' spouses, that literary fame in a woman is, as Lord Macaulay says, "a blemish, and a proof that the person who enjoys it is meanly born, and out of the pale of good society."

A woman of declared "literary" propensities must accept the fate thrust, *volens volens*, upon her, and sit patiently in that outer court of the Gentiles to which she is indiscriminately relegated together with Arcadians, Bohemians, boon companions, and inferior persons generally. It is, of course, out of the question that she should be a good *Hausfrau*, or that what she has in the place of a mind can be given up to the minutiae of the storeroom and exigencies of the larder. The fiat has gone forth, and she must console herself with the thought that there is justice in heaven. In the present instance it will be observed that the lady was in no wise consulted as to her views or feelings on the matter, and it is to be hoped that the blank expressive silence which fell upon the company on this unexpected revelation may, without the suggested marital coercion, have saved her from further follies of the kind.

I have seen English gentlemen introduced, without due preparation, into strictly German circles, made miserable for a whole evening, and finally driven to the verge of distraction, by the gentle persistent attentions of the ladies of the house. When he realizes that he is being waited upon by these fair damsels, the Englishman jumps wildly and apologetically from his chair, stammers confused and bashful excuses, clutches the cups and platters out of the ministering angel's hand, and subsides, red and ruffled, into his seat. He hopes it will not happen again; he devoutly trusts it is over. But, no; scarcely is his complexion recovering its normal hue, when another lovely being is

* Hazlitt's "Tabletalk." [There are, however, some people who would scarcely allow the superiority of new-fashioned over old-fashioned English servants. — Ed.]

"staying him" with apples, bringing him butter in a lordly dish, or offering sausages at his shrine. Again he bounces out of his seat like an india-rubber ball, again clutches convulsively, apologizes, confounds himself in horrible polyglot inarticulate excuses, and subsides exhausted into his chair. He looks round and sees that all the other men are being waited upon; he perceives that it is "the custom of the country;" that it proceeds, not from the paucity of servants, but from a plentitude of female devotion. If servants were wanting, then surely the men would wait upon the ladies. He tells himself severely that when at Rome your behaviour should be of the strictest Roman type; he reminds himself that the first condition of good breeding is, that you should implicitly conform to the usages of the society in which you find yourself; he will submit; but when the third and most beautiful daughter of the house presents him with *Häringsalat*, his feelings are altogether too much for him, and entirely overcome his good resolutions. He goes through the same frantic formula again, with the secret impression that he is making a most abject fool of himself, plunges wildly and despairingly at the comestibles, and subsides into a limp and melancholy condition. He is like a bull in a china-shop, the girls think, and they hold firmly to the family crockery and the best glass. "They are dreadfully restless, *die Engländer*," said a young cousin to me; "see how quiet and well-behaved our gentlemen are, and wait for their turn!" This was all the poor chivalrous young Briton got for his pains. Pains! they were tortures, agonies.

Elderly marriages are very rare in Germany, where a wholesome common-sense view of the relationship prevails, and designing elderly spinsters and dangerous elderly-juvenile bachelors are comparatively scarce in society. In Hungary, Roman Catholics and members of the Greek church may marry at almost any age, males over fourteen, females over twelve; whereas Protestants may not marry until the respective ages of eighteen and fifteen. In Austria persons under twenty-four are minors, and must have the consent of parents to enter the marriage state. In Bavaria the laws vary considerably with the districts; in one the limit of valid marriage has been fixed at fourteen and twelve; in another at eighteen and fourteen; in a third at eighteen and fifteen. In Hesse Darmstadt the law of 1852 re-

quired that every man should have reached the age of twenty-five before he ventured on the rôle of a benedick; but in 1863 the rule was modified, and marriage became legal at twenty-one years of age. Even when the legal age is attained, the consent of parents and guardians is indispensable. Runaway matches are, therefore, impossible, and much after-misery is, no doubt, thus avoided; but none the less, strange complications, not here to be entered upon, sometimes arise.

Reference has already been made to the extraordinary apathy that prevails in matters sanitary throughout the fatherland. The same obtuseness obtains with regard to all that concerns health, well-being, and happiness, if under happiness we include that first condition of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Not only does the physical education of their women tend in the wrong direction, but all that influences and determines marriage confirms and adds to foregone blunders.

In the upper classes marriage is determined, if not chiefly, yet perhaps decisively, by means. It is part of that peculiar prosaic, practical (and yet how fatally unpractical) programme which seems the law of the modern German nature—that the money, if in a family, shall not be allowed to go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and lands, marriages and intermarriages go on generation after generation, the relationship growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the results, as may be readily imagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of goitrous throats, scarred necks, spinal diseases, hip-diseases, bad teeth, and generally defective bone-structure as in Germany.

No hesitation is felt in speaking openly on matters that one might, without hypocrisy, be justified in hiding under any available bushel. "Who is that frightfully disfigured person?" asked my neighbour, a brilliant young lieutenant of hussars, at a family dinner. "*Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln*," said the young lady in question on the other side of me, speaking in the same level, unemotional tone that she might have used in asking me to pass the salt. Alas! she had no need to tell the terrible tale; but in a week, neither more nor less, she was engaged to the critical lieutenant (he was over head and ears in debt), who, though he had not been too delicate to sneer at her defects, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de*

sa cassette made up for a want of eyelashes, and that sixty thousand thalers covered a multitude of sins.

In another family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the Flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate, spineless boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and when, after twelve years of terrible existence, death came, and mercifully set him free at last, the childless father, looking round, picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.

In another family, where the estates were considerable, and where the same immemorial marriage customs between near relatives had obtained (uncles marry their nieces in Germany), the representatives at last dwindled down to five. The son and heir blew his brains out; the second daughter drowned herself; the third daughter became a confirmed hypochondriac; the second son, tormented with a terrible complaint (*Flechte*), akin to the leprosy of the ancients, after washing in all the waters that the wells of Germany afforded, unable to find, even in religion and good works, the consolation he sought, put an end to his miserable existence. Only the eldest daughter remained; the estates went in the male line, and devolved upon a distant cousin, a mere "*Namensvetter*," she said; but the old feeling prevailed: it was a pity to take her fortune away from the name, and when the *Namensvetter* proposed he was accepted. I saw her some years later; she was a widow, with one idiot child. There seems to be a strange insensibility to all physical defects—to all the long train of terrible consequences that these grievous inherited maladies bring with them, where interested motives counsel a prudent shortness of sight. The geographical position of Germany has hitherto been a bar to any appreciable fusion of blood or mixture of races in her population; the few French and English who find themselves settled in German towns are, for the most part, too poor to tempt the natives into matrimony (remember that "caution" of fifteen thousand thalers).

In commercial towns, where there is more *Verkehr*, the money is chiefly in the hands of Jews; and a German Jew is

doubly bound to justify his origin. The money-bags will be kept in the family. Even in smaller towns and villages, it is not the custom, as with us, for the young people to seek their fortune at a distance. *Heimweh*, the *mal du pays* of the Swiss, overcomes the wanderer who passes even into the next state (as from Devonshire into Cornwall), and a dozen droll remedies are prescribed by the old wives for this troublesome form of disease, under the influence of which the sufferer not unfrequently takes to her bed, and seeks solace in gnawing an old crust (*Weinekrust*), which she has brought from the last loaf baked at home, and which is supposed to be an infallible remedy.

The frightful goîtres which one sees in the Tyrol, and which science attributes to drinking water that flows over dolomitic rocks, and ignorance lays at the door of snow-water, whilst the heavy weights the peasants carry on their heads are supposed by others to develop this hideous form of throat-disease, are perhaps due quite as much to the fact of the goitrous marrying the goitrous, gazing upon the goitrous, and living in a goitrous atmosphere from time immemorial, as to any other remote causes assigned by science. It is no blemish or defect to eyes that are used to it; the man or girl who leaves the village will return to settle there, and marry the lover left behind, and so the ghastly disease is perpetuated, and general complacency prevails.

The same may be said with regard to the awfully afflicted crétins, who startle and horrify one in all these mountain villages. Where nature is so beautiful and grand the shock is almost unendurable when the eye falls on a row, say, of three or four of these blurred, deformed and degraded specimens of humanity sitting ranged upon a wall, their gnome-like figures, ungainly limbs, and awfully imbecile countenances striking dismay into your very soul; deficient as they are in understanding, they yet know how to beg; and will slip down from the wall with a weird agility for which you had not given them credit, and come clamouring round the carriage with hideous gibberings and ghastly inarticulate utterances. The first time such a sight presented itself to me, I turned away with a sense of sickening disgust. "Fie!" said a pretty German friend; "have they not as much right to God's dear sunshine as we?" The words were so gentle that for a moment I felt abashed; but the next common sense rejected the

soft optimism. It was false sentiment after all; for the unhappy loathly creatures could have enjoyed "God's dear sunshine" just as well where they would not have outraged that reverence for the image of the Maker which causes us all instinctively to turn away from an animal out of which the godlike, the divine, has so awfully and so mysteriously disappeared. It seemed to me that the police, who were employed in coercing us as to our *Pässe* and *Scheine*, would have been far better and more practically engaged if they had taken the helpless hideous gang of mopers and mowers under their charge, and conducted them to a place of safety remote from the king's highway. But such afflicted beings are a considerable source of income to their parents and guardians. A hasty impulse causes the traveller to plunge into his pocket for coin: a false benevolence, a sense of the awful infinite chasm between them and their surroundings, makes his strength and health and wandering so many reproaches to him; again, the desire to get rid of this awful blot on so fair a creation, an uneasiness at their very presence, produces willing specie from the depth of his garments: unless indeed he be of the placid frame of my pretty Bertha, who wished them to enjoy "God's dear sunshine," but did not further that inexpensive entertainment by any reckless profusion of coin.

Nor is it remarkable (though science disputes the influence of such painful phenomena on coming generations), that, with the sight of these poor afflicted beings ever before their eyes, and the knowledge that they are fertile sources of gain to their families, the inhabitants of these regions are equal to the occasion, and that the race does not die out nor the supply fail.

Let us return to the sheepfold of ordinary home life.

After a year's matrimony comes the customary baby.

A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up, like a mummy, in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never "bathed," but I suppose is sometimes washed after some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old; when the thick skull-cap of encrusted dirt that it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents.

Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one sees in

Germany are entirely owing to this unsavoury skull-cap. When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being "tubbed," all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath system that the king of Hanover had lost his sight. "My friends, we are not all blind," I said; and then they were silenced, if not convinced.

To this terrible system of bandaging and carrying the child in a peculiar fashion wrapped in a mantle, that is partly slung round the hips of the bearer, something after the fashion prevailing amongst Indian squaws, may be attributed in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments we meet with in Germany. Yet, strange to say, "rickets," a disease only known with us amongst the poor, who cannot afford the time themselves, or pay others to nurse their children properly, goes by the name of the *Englische Krankheit*.

The baby being born and swathed up, now gets a huge peasant girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its sumptuary arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses.

Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all, the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor or crawl to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling its pink toes, trampling with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms, "as one that beateth the air." It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not fall at length into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is.

No, it is out walking, tied to a feather bed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster brother or sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently and is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother that fosters and feeds it, soon carries it away again, and resumes all the privileges of true maternity for the rest of the day. The lady might as well be its aunt. "Only that, and nothing more."

We have already glanced at the lives of the little men and women that we have

seen trotting to and fro between home and school. The charming institution of a "nursery," as we understand it, is scarcely known in Germany; certainly only known in the houses of the very rich. The children eat and drink in the common *Wohnstube*, and swarm generally over the premises in their hours of freedom. There will, perhaps, be a dull and dismal apartment, called the *Kinderstube*, whither the stalwart *Amme* will retire to dangle-cub the last hope of the Katzekophs; but all the comfortable nursery arrangements so dear to the heart of the British matron, the unflinching tubbings and scrubbings, and systematic undeviating regularity of all that can contribute to the comfort and cleanliness of child-life, are not to be thought of.

To the ordinary English mind, the idea of the *Hausmutter* is such as the charming German wood-engravings so pleasantly convey. It is in this humble domestic attitude that the poets and painters of the fatherland have sent her out into the world; as Schiller has represented her sitting amidst her sturdy *Knaben und Mädchen*, spinning and winning, filling and willing, with presses o'erflowing and stores ever-growing; the house-mother, a humble western replica of Solomon's great oriental picture. It is very right and wise that she should be thus depicted. The artistic spirit has seized the quaint homeliness, the pleasant busy-ness, the simple poetry and wholesome prose of her existence. But who knows anything of the middle or upper class mothers of Germany? We have glanced in pity rather than in blame at the inability of most mothers to undertake the primary duty of maternity; but are not the duties which, instead of lasting over a few months, extend over long years, patiently and punctually performed by them? I have often gazed with wistful eyes at the plain plodding pathetic patience of such mothers. Maternal pelicans prevail largely all over the world; but the German mother does not only pluck the feathers from her breast, and stand an emblem of bleeding maternal piety before us. She does more. She—I know no other phrase that expresses what I mean—she "effaces" herself.

She loses vanity, self-care, and all feminine weaknesses, for the sake of her offspring. The money saved does not go to buy her delicate laces wherewith to soften the cruel lines that time has drawn about her neck and brows; it is spent in fresh ball-dresses for her girls. No charming

elderly coquetries make her picturesque or graceful. Bertha and Jertha want new hats; her gown is ill cut, her shoes are appalling, her trimmings are disastrous; she is altogether dowdy, dingy, and "common" looking, for the young people must have their day, and the general's temper is so short, she dare not ask him for more money; and, as for her, what does it matter? Who will look at her, or care what she wears? And in the same enduring mood she sits in ungraceful garments long hours at balls, or tramps after her offspring at picnics, bound ever to keep the betrothed vigilantly in her eye, knowing no rest, and expecting no thanks. Indeed, it is this simple unconscious selfishness that gives her a glory not otherwise her own, and makes the heart warm towards her plain hard face.

Such persevering, scrupulous economy commands our respect and admiration. A loving wife will bear her part cheerfully so long as the heat and the burden of the day be equally borne. No true woman will lament over the dinner of herbs so long as the love be there. But where the sacrifices are all on one side, and the indulgences all on the other; when the man presents a splendid front to the world, and the woman drudges away her days in sordid details, the spectator is apt to be wroth at the injustice of her situation, and to let his indignation vex him as a thing that is raw. For the country that invented the *Ewigweibliche*, this narrow view of "woman's sphere" is, to say the least of it, a little paltry; and the quixotic spectator would prefer less magniloquent words, and more liberal deeds in the place of them.

It has been made a matter of reproach to German women that they are, outside of their own personal affairs, incapable of enthusiasm. That they are capable of little ejaculatory shrieks and spasmodic adjectives is conceded, and how should more be expected or required of them? Ground down by sordid details, living as though perennial war-prices were an unalterable condition of things; inspired by that dreary "carefulness about many things" that seems to her the normal law of her being, how should the oppressed *Hausfrau* be very enthusiastic on large outside questions? And when you add famine-prices to those of war, increased, and ever increasing taxation, higher house-rent, nipping economies, is it any wonder if the iron of the *res angusta domi* enters into her soul, causing it to cleave to the dust, and her body to the ground? Every

item of household expenditure is reckoned by the husband at its minimum cost, and no margin is left for the little feminine fleshly weaknesses in the matter of humble charities or modest finery. He knows so well the cost of everything, reckoning it at its cheapest, that she cannot (despite her culinary abilities) "cook" her poor little household accounts. Is this a state of things likely to take a woman out of herself, and make her enthusiastic for the glory of the fatherland? She has given uncomplainingly her husband, her sons, her brothers; and she has her reward in a united Germany, in gaps in the family circle, and black gowns on the family clothes-pegs. She trembles at wars and rumours of wars; what is material in her, shrinks from further and crueller economies; what is spiritual trembles at the thought of fresh sacrifice, and weeps—weeps tears of blood, it may be, remembering past bereavements.

Yet, should you venture to let your pity become vocal, she will fly at your throat, true woman as she is, hug her chains the tighter, and call upon you loudly to witness the rapture of those huggings. You will be in the usual enviable position of the unwary sympathizer who enters into matrimonial differences. The couple will re-appear shortly enlaced lovingly in intertwining arms, and politely ignore your existence. Such is gratitude; but I, who love those gentle German ladies, will not heed their cold look, if my words may haply, against their will, do them service. "*Entre l'arbre et l'écorce ne mettez pas le doigt!*"

German physicians will tell you, with jeremiads prolonged and sonorous, that the women of their country—the women of the upper classes that is—are totally unfitted for the fatigues and duties of maternity. By inheritance, by education, by prejudice, by continued intermarriages, by defective diet, poor nourishment, horror of exercise, hatred of fresh air and cold water, the German lady has persistently enervated herself from generation to generation. "Look at our prettiest girls," cried an eminent physician to me; "they are like those flowers that bloom their brief hour and fade, and fall, to make room for fresh blossoms, who, in turn, will bloom, fade, and fall also. They are all *bleichsüchtig*; they cannot fulfil the functions that nature intended every mother should fulfil—not one here or there, but all; they have no constitution, no stamina, no nerve, no physique, no *race*." The type is indistinct and blurred,

marred by certain constitutional defects that you point out to them in vain; there is a want of lime deposit in the bone-system, hence the terrible teeth that mark a German woman's nationality nine times out of ten. How can they have "*pluck*" and nerve, and sound firm flesh, strong muscle and healthy bone, if they have no fresh air, no regular exercise, no proper nourishment, and, above all, no desire to change, alter, or amend the order of their unhealthy lives? For with *them* the question of reform in matters hygienic principally lies; but they turn a deaf ear to warning, think they are more comfortable *as they are*, and don't disguise the impatience they feel at our professional pratings.

"But perhaps it doesn't matter so very much, apart from individual comfort; for look at your men, what a stalwart race they are."

"That is true; the man's education helps him over the stumbling-block of inherited maladies; he nourishes himself well, lives in the open air, and assimilates his food. For the rest, a man's neck and shoulders are not bared; and if he loses his teeth, provident nature hides the gaps by an opportune moustache. No!" cried the hopeless reformer, "if ever reform be feasible, it will be feasible only through German women themselves, and no German woman will ever see it, and to no other woman would they for a moment consent to listen!"

I shall be asked, are German women never pretty, then?

German girls are often charmingly pretty, with dazzling complexions, abundant beautiful hair, and clear, lovely eyes; but the splendid matron, the sound, healthy, well-developed woman, who has lost no grain of beauty and gained a certain magnificent maturity, such as we see daily, with daughters who might well be her younger sisters, of such women the fatherland has few specimens to show.

The "pale unripened beauties of the North" do not ripen; they fade. "The style is the man," says Buffon; and what style is to literature, taste to dress, and refinement to manners, distinction is to beauty. There must be a certain line, certain proportion, a healthy development, a harmony, grace, and strength, before we can acknowledge that a greater than the mere passing prettiness of youth, freshness, and good looks is there.

Polish, Hungarian, and Austrian women, whom we in a general inconclusive way are apt to class as Germans, are "beauti-

ful exceedingly;" but here we come upon another race, or rather such a fusion of other races as may help to contribute to the charming result. Polish ladies have a special, vivid, delicate, spirited, haunting loveliness, with grace, distinction, and elegance in their limbs and features that is all their own; you cannot call them fragile, but they are of so fine a fibre, and so delicate a colouring, that they only just escape that apprehension. Of Polish and Hungarian *pur sang* there is little to be found; women of the latter race are of a more robust and substantial build, with dark hair and complexion, fine flashing eyes, and pronounced type; and who that remembers the women of Linz and Vienna will refuse them a first prize? They possess a special beauty of their own, a beauty which is rare in even the loveliest Englishwoman; rare indeed and exceptional everywhere else; a beauty that the artist eye appreciates with a feeling of delight. They have the most delicately articulated joints of any woman in the world. The juncture of the hand and wrist, of foot and ankle, of the *nugue* with the back and shoulders, is what our neighbours would call "adorable." But, alas, that it should be so! the full gracious figures—types at once of strength and elegance, the supple, slender waists, the dainty little wrists and hands, become all too soon hopelessly fat, from the persistent idleness and luxury of the nerveless unoccupied lives of these graceful ladies.

But marriage, interesting as it may be from a personal point of view, means more than this. It means, from the politico-economical standpoint, population, and, Malthus notwithstanding, within certain limits, national prosperity. We have seen the lets and hindrances, the just causes and impediments, that makes marriage in Germany a matter of difficulty; these are so manifold and multiform that it has become a jesting habit of speech to say, before the knot can be tied, a man must produce not only his baptism and confirmation *Scheine* but vaccination, chicken-pox, nettle-rash and every other sort of certificate, to prove that he has passed through those unavoidable forms of infantile suffering to which even sturdy German flesh is heir. In fact, the restrictions laid upon the holy estate are as numerous as though it were a state of vice, rather than a state of virtue.

The latest statistics tell us, that marriage, which is reckoned at thirty-nine per cent. in England, and at thirty per cent. in Ireland, only reaches nineteen per cent. in

Germany, and some uneasiness is felt in the fatherland at the manifest signs of a decreasing population.

The subject is one to claim the gravest consideration of her busy legislators. The hatred of compulsory conscription, a hatred which the late wars have now and again fanned almost into frenzy, produces a serious efflux of population. Hans Michel turns restive, escapes to convenient neutral ground, evades conscription, and in America or Australia is free to marry, to become a house-father and prosperous citizen. The returns of the last census show that, in Prussia proper, the decrease of population is little short of alarming.

Between 1861-64 there was an increase of 8,409; but between 1864-67 there was a decrease of 12,922, and between 1867-71 of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population in ten years amounts to fifty-two thousand. And as these figures are derived from authentic German sources, it is only fair to presume that they are, approximately, correct.

Having witnessed the obstructive regulations restricting persons from entering upon the married state, a certain blank wonder falls on the mind of the outsider, when he recognizes, on the other hand, the fact that the knot, so difficult to tie, can be loosed with extraordinary ease. The bonds that required fifteen thousand thalers before they could be recognized as authentic, the chains that called for such assiduity in forging, are slipped with the calmest and most careless ease, should any motive sufficiently strong arise to suggest the desirability of such slippings. There need be nothing very scandalous or exceptional in the case. Alexander unsheaths his sword; "Our tempers are incompatible," he says; a swirl, a swing, and a slash, and the Gordian knot is severed. Adelheid discovers an elective affinity with the sympathetic soul of her husband's *Jugendfreund*, whose manners and moustache are more congenial to her fastidious sensibilities than those of her lawful spouse. "Bring the fateful scissors," she sighs faintly, to the three old immemorial ladies in waiting; snip, snap, the uncongenial bonds are severed in a second! The matter creates gossip or rather confirms it, but can scarcely be said to provoke scandal; it is less than a nine days' wonder, indeed, it is no wonder at all, and a lenient society prudently abstains from judgment. It is said that divorce is nowadays looked at askance from high

places: the official tone of the Prussian court being ostentatiously correct on matters domestic (witness the now historic "Dear Augusta" telegrams); but the elasticity of German views on such points is not likely to be materially affected by a stern masquerade in the interests of morality, and socially the parties concerned suffer no injury whatever.

We have glanced in a former chapter at the extraordinary license that illustrates German society of an earlier epoch. The histories and biographies of that and subsequent times are filled with unedifying examples; we see a king of Prussia with four "legal" spouses, a preposterous formula of approbation and consent being wrung from each retiring lady in turn. Royal and serene persons present a no more dignified aspect in matters matrimonial than the courtiers, statesmen, and whole cluster of irritable geniuses by whom they are surrounded. The husband faithful to one wife, and the wife faithful to one husband, are the exceptions, not the rule; no scruple was felt by an "incompatible" pair in speaking freely of the desirability of a dissolution of partnership. Why they should have gone through successive marriage ceremonies is the chief mystery; but the honourable thing was to confide your *penchant* to the wife or husband of your bosom, receive his or her confidence in return, exchange benisons, and go on the flowery way of freedom rejoicing. The mark of such morals is stamped plainly on the very front of German society. The matter is generally felt to be one that concerns only the chief actors in it. You do not meddle when a man buys a house, lets a farm, changes his banker, or dissolves partnership; a sociable acceptance of accomplished facts, an abstention from any unnecessarily severe criticism, a stretching out of the elastic mantle of charity, which covereth a multitude of sins, is supposed to be the appropriate tone. Any other would savour of superfluous and malignant hypocrisy. You are not to judge, lest your turn come to be judged also; be cautious how you throw the invidious stone; besides, why disturb the merriment in hall, and dash the general beard-waggings by your stilted niceties of objection? Toleration is our first duty to our neighbour, and to *afficher* such super-squeamishness is simply to sin against good-fellowship. The mantle of Cato has fallen in vain on your censorious shoulders, and "private judgment" cannot be allowed to meddle with private matters.

To persons who have lived long in Germany, the examples of spouses who have dissolved their union, and after years of estrangement have been remarried, cannot be at all unfamiliar. The writer remembers a case of two brothers marrying two sisters (they were from the German provinces of Russia) changing partners, and on death removing one of the husbands and one of the wives, the original pair (now widowed) were for the second time united in the holy bonds of matrimony. It is quite true that the case was exceptional, but it was told with infinite cackling delight and amusement by an admiring circle of indulgent friends.

In the family of the writer a great-uncle seemed to have reached the acme of skilled practice in this matter of the dissolution of matrimony. He sat down every evening of his life to play a rubber of whist with his three divorced wives; they "cut for partners, shuffled, and talked of tricks and honours" with all the gay philosophy of folks for whom words had no meaning, and facts no moral. No one bore animosity to anybody else; the three ladies had all tried their hand at it, but they had held bad cards; the luck was against them, and they each successively threw up the game and awoke to the conviction that their terrible old general (he was a Waterloo man) was much more practicable as a partner at the card-table than as a companion for life. It was merely a matter of mutual accommodation; there was no ill-will and no resentment; the arrangement was conducted in the most business-like and least emotional manner imaginable, and the result proved to be eminently satisfactory to all parties.

The subject of marriage cannot be dismissed without a brief glance at that supreme sham called the "morganatic" marriage—a miserable shuffling compromise, supposed to have been invented for the preservation of youthful royalties from matrimonial indiscretions. Nine times out of ten a morganatic marriage means the left-handed infatuation of a grand duke for a ballet-dancer, but not always; and the English mind is apt to feel intense disgust when an English duke's daughter marries a small serenity, and is not allowed to go to court in her husband's name. Nor can we admire the position, when a remote prince of the blood, marrying a lady of most ancient lineage, brings the "bar sinister" into the coat-of-arms of his children. No matter that the mother was noble; she ought to have been royal; fidelity, purity, and truth avail nothing, her children can-

not inherit their father's styles and titles; other titles and styles must be invented for them. According to the gospel of heralds' offices, and the jargon of ceremonials, they are not officially recognizable. Neither is it a very pleasant spectacle when a poor young princelet, insignificant among insignificancies, marrying modestly, with his only available hand, the maiden of his choice, is snatched from the hearth that was bright, and the home that was vocal with shrill piping trebles, to give the legal dexter palm to the princess fate imposes on his obscure royalty. The sinister union is at an end; it is in vain that the illegal left hand is bedewed with loving faithful tears, and clasped with close clinging kisses; he waves it in the wild despair of a final farewell, and the curtain falls on the poor little domestic drama, to rise on one where only right hands count, and hearts are not included in the bargain.

From The Gardener's Magazine.
WHAT IS FLAVOUR?

WE have heard of late so much about the flavour of fruits, that one is tempted to ask, "What is flavour?" or for a perfect definition of it. When the great Roman tyrant put the query, "What is truth?" without doubt he was aware that no two persons would give the same answer. A similar query as to the nature of flavour, it is probable, would provoke a similar amount of diversity of opinion, for the self-evident reason that "flavour" so-called depends more upon the palate of the taster than upon the nature of the thing tasted, or where two or more persons would agree that any variety was good, they would probably disagree in their definition of what constituted, in their idea, the goodness which they appreciated. If we taste a turnip first, and afterwards a nice apple, we have no difficulty

in pronouncing the apple to be the best, but relatively one may possess as much flavour as the other. Let both be cooked, however, and served up in a mashed form, and the pre-eminence can hardly rest with either. Of the two, it is just possible the turnip may be preferred. There are few fruits in which what is known as flavour is not found in great variety, but if a close examination of this variety take place, it will be found that one kind has more of acidity, another more of sugar, another these two nicely balanced, whilst others that seem to have them in perfection have defects of flesh or other drawbacks that render them objectionable in spite of their qualities of flavour. Some fruits, grapes and pears especially, have a musky taste, and as such are classed as high-flavoured; yet to nine persons out of ten this peculiar flavour would prove objectionable, because it would have a cloying effect; that is, it would soon deprave the palate, insomuch that all pleasure in partaking would for the time have passed away. If flavour is to be described as something in the thing partaken of that specially pleases the palate, is it not evident that this appreciation must materially depend upon the way in which the palate has been educated? It is not at all infrequent to hear persons say that they abominate the taste of water, even of the purest kind, and yet to the natural palate no draught is more delicious than one of pure cold water. If, therefore, two persons having these diversified palates be called upon to pronounce an opinion on the merits of any given fruit, how divergent must be their judgments! In the case of grapes, we sometimes see the most luscious kinds passed over in favour of some mean-looking sort which is said to possess the best flavour; but the absurdity of the judgment is found in the fact that another set of judges would probably be favoured with palates of a totally diverse character, and, naturally, would give a totally different judgment.